LEPERS IN AFFLUENCE **IVAN GOLDMAN**

THE NATION

APRIL 19, 1975 *50 cents*

Science, Rationalization and the Springs of Incivility

THE NEW HEREDITARIANS

GERARD PIEL

A SMALL UNION SITS DOWN

Fred Rodgers Rose

AN AGENT'S VIEW OF HOOVER

Arthur L. Murphy

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

You Still Need a Can Opener

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LETTERS

surprise in Spain

New York City
Your March 15th editorial entitled "Defending Spain's Workers" by Max Gordon was greatly appreciated and will undoubtedly be helpful to the efforts of the Committee for a Democratic Spain in behalf of the victims of Franco repression. The editorial refers to our work in marshaling support for seven SEAT auto workers who were tried on March 4, together with two of their lawyers, for leading a strike in Spain's largest plant in 1971. We have just been informed that, incredibly, they have been acquitted.

For those who may want to get in touch with the committee, the address is: 9 East 40th St., 16th floor, New York City, 10016. *Eric W. Schmidt, Executive Secretary*

making sure they behave

New York City
In his generally fine review of Harry Braverman's *Labor and Monopoly Capital: The Degradation of Work in the Twentieth Century* [*The Nation*; Mar. 15], Ely Chinoy did not, in my view, pay due attention to the real relationship of science/technology to the controlling institutions of capitalist society. This is marked by two factors: an increasingly degenerated pragmatism and its most visible consequence, an *opportunism* reflecting, cumulatively, the imperatives of an economy whose marketing methods are always increasing in sophistication.

Thus, our scientists and technicians think primarily of what can be sold to those who run the institutions that *buy*. Frederick Winslow Taylor had his day; now it's the turn of the B.F. Skinners and the Herman Kahns. The result is, at best, the trivialization of *all* experience, including work, in a culture skewed madly toward quantification—at the constant expense of *quality*.

However, the mentality and the mechanisms described above have counterparts in such nominally "non-capitalist" societies as the USSR. For this reason, I think the term "technocracy" desperately needs clear definition. It is simply the organization and use of technique for the furtherance of *fixed* rather than *evolving* institutions, and so its prime function is the programming of people—the business of making sure they "behave." *Alan Bahr*

'damned lie!'

Washington, D.C.
The article on Senator Bentsen which appeared in *The Nation* of March 8 contains a fairly serious error. . . . Senator Bentsen did *not*, as the article said, join "Governor Shivers and other Democratic fat cats in refusing to support Adlai Stevenson in 1952 because of the tidelands oil issue."

Permit me to respond as Rep. Lloyd Bentsen responded, November 3, 1952, when . . . the late Speaker Sam Rayburn sent him some comments from one of Bentsen's constituents:

> Without any reservation, I can tell you the quote which says I have openly announced that I will vote for the Republican ticket for President and Vice President, and that I am using my personal and political influence in the Lower Rio Grande Valley to induce people to vote for the Republican nominees is nothing other than a damned lie! I have neither privately nor publicly ever stated to anyone that I would vote for the Republican nominees, nor have I in any way tried to persuade anyone to so vote.
>
> The facts are that I have already voted by absentee ballot for Stevenson and Sparkman. . . .

Jack R. DeVore, Jr.
Press Secretary to Sen. Lloyd Bentsen

EDITORIALS

The White Revolutionary

To Kissinger the academic, Bismarck was a "white revolutionary," as Richard Falk noted recently in the *Los Angeles Times*, a "counterrevolutionary bent on resisting the forces of change." The description, as Falk says, fits Kissinger the national security chief. He has dedicated his years in government to subversion of Marxist and Marxist-Leninist governments wherever existing tension provided a cover. He helped depose a democratically elected Chilean Government and, from Brazil to Greece to Vietnam, has persistently supported the forces of reaction whenever they were threatened by indigenous revolt. The 1970 invasion of Cambodia revealed his lack of concern for territorial integrity. The 1972 Christmas bombing of Hanoi revealed his lack of concern for human life.

The latest upsurge of a popular, Socialist-oriented movement confronting Kissinger has been in Portugal, where just less than fifty years of iron rule was snapped in 1974. "We are disquieted by an evolution in which there is a danger that the democratic process may become a sham," Kissinger said of events there last month, contributing to speculation both here and in Portugal that the CIA is ready to strike if the Portuguese decide upon a government not to Kissinger's liking. Kissinger made no similar comments during the years of the Salazar-Caetano dictatorship, for whom the democratic process—and support for American interests in World War II—was something less than a sham. Partially because of American silence and economic and military support, the Salazar-Caetano rule was totalitarian enough so that the parties thriving today are inexperienced in democratic process and struggle. Thus the mistakes they make are understandable, if in some cases deplorable. Like the Soviet leaders for at least thirty-five years, the Portuguese officials see themselves surrounded by hostility and they cling perhaps too hard to what they have won. But, and this is the key difference, the current leaders of Portugal have shown no inclination toward brutal rule or self-serving despotism, perhaps because of what seems to be wide popular support. All indications are that their revolutionary spirit is genuine. Certainly their decolonization efforts were rapid and authentic.

Much of the reporting out of Portugal in the American media has been distorted by stock anti-Communist, anti-military attitudes that fail to take into account the uniqueness of the Portuguese situation. In a valuable report to the *Los Angeles Times*, Don Cook notes that Kissinger's gruff response to the coup and its aftermath directly contradicted the advice offered by American diplomats in Lisbon. The embassy told Kissinger, according to Cook, that the revolution was popular and that, at the outset, not one of the officers in power "was identified with the Communists." Rather than support the budding government, as the embassy suggested, Kissinger pursued a threatening line about any Communist presence and, says Cook, instructed the embassy to "continually lecture Lisbon . . . about its Communist problem." Rather than send friendly emissaries, Kissinger apparently dispatched Lieut. Gen. Vernon Walters, deputy director of the CIA, to report to him on

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developments. He fired the incumbent ambassador, who favored constructive relations with the revolutionary movement. All of this, of course, engendered a hostility toward America which, combined with the aborted right-wing coup and Senator Buckley's saber rattling, has given credence to fears that do little to encourage the broadening of civil liberties and the electoral process.

Another reporter, Richard Eder of *The New York Times*, found the dominant officers in Portugal unwilling to drop themselves into the Soviet bloc. "The balance in the movement, at this stage, seems to look in the long run to a Portugal with a Socialist economy and a multi-party system and—for some time to come—continued membership in the Atlantic Alliance," Eder said. He quoted the comment of a captain in the movement: "We are not turning power over to any single group." Although Alvaro Cunhal, the Portuguese Communist leader, has advocated what seem to be popular economic changes, the ruling officers apparently remember that he endorsed the Red Army's invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. They also are familiar with Kissinger's far bloodier record. Writing recently in *Foreign Affairs*, hardly a radical journal, Stanford Prof. Richard R. Fagen said he found no reason to believe that the U.S. Government would not replay its Chilean scenario elsewhere. "As long as the United States continues to evaluate the poor and weaker countries of the world in terms of what each can contribute to the grand design—or the real and imagined threats each poses to that grand design—there can be no assurance of nonintervention. . . ."

The chief designer, of course, is Kissinger, whom Falk calls "the prime architect of counterrevolution on a global scale." Kissinger's game plan for Portugal, in its early stages destructive enough, is probably still under construction. If he starts meddling this time, he will lose. Unlike the Allende period in Chile, the revolution in Portugal has progressed to the point where a counterrevolutionary coup would be a bloody, abortive mess.

Full Circle

For the historians who will one day plot the rise and fall of American-backed anti-communism in Southeast Asia, Chiang Kai-shek could not have picked a more appropriate time to die. The final collapse of the American presence in South Vietnam and Cambodia parallels, more than twenty-five years later, the fall of American-backed despotism in China. Chiang, who knew all the tricks of the war lord, was transformed by the neocolonial lobby into the anti-Communist world statesman. Next to him, General Thieu is indeed a tinhorn dictator.

Chiang, almost from the start a partner of the moneyed Shanghai interests, rebuffed Roosevelt's wartime attempt to unite his and Mao's forces against the invading Japanese; he took several billions in military aid but refused to campaign actively against anyone but the Communists. Despite his sorry war record, when the Japanese were defeated, the Truman administration chose to ally itself with Chiang rather than with the more popular Mao, partially in response to a vociferous and powerful pro-Chiang China Lobby of missionary and corporate interests and partially in response to fears of Republican redbaiting. Although far

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The Nation is published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, July 26, August 9, August 23) by the Nation Company and copyright 1975 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 220
No. 15

The Sherrod Library
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outnumbered, the Chinese Red Army devastated Chiang's troops and the Generalissimo packed up the gold bullion and other booty he had stockpiled and, through his henchmen, invaded Taiwan, forcing himself and his clique on the Taiwanese and slaughtering an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 residents there in the process.

With the outbreak of the Korean War, and the concomitant rise in anti-Peking sentiment, Chiang was given a mutual security pact by John Foster Dulles and a rationalized reputation as a freedom fighter, yearning to be unleashed against Mao. Since Taiwan under Chiang offered cheap labor, no unions and the protection of a totalitarian state, the freedom-fighter illusion was profitable enough for American business interests to give it wide circulation.

Parallels between Chiang's career and the events, past and to come, in South Vietnam are obvious enough. Although Ho Chi Minh and his supporters led the Vietnamese fight against the Japanese in World War II, the Truman administration chose to back the French and a succession of puppet tyrants rather than Ho (in contrast to FDR's use of Frank Graham to ease the Dutch out of Indonesia). Another crusade against self-determination was embarked upon. This one, too, has now been lost.

Chiang was an inept military commander and a poor political leader, but he had a rare talent for manipulating decision makers in Washington. Military aid sent to him was as productively used as that recently sent to Saigon—in the end, the rebels received most of it. Money given to him might as well have been dumped into the coastal waters of Japan; indeed, it might better have been thrown away. Support made him more bold in his demands and pretensions; it gave him greater tools with which to manipulate American foreign policy and oppress the Taiwanese he dominated.

The Nixon-Kissinger pilgrimage to Peking marked the end of his significant sway over U.S. foreign affairs in Southeast Asia. His death now will have little immediate effect; internal insurgency in Taiwan seems still unorganized and is still repressed with the help of American dollars. Perhaps now Henry Kissinger will allow the visiting troupe from the People's Republic of China to sing of liberating Taiwan.

Public-Interest Politics

If President Ford nominates Stanley Knapp Hathaway for Secretary of the Interior, the confirmation hearings promise to be lively, raucous and protracted; the environmental groups are squaring off for a battle. The hearings will therefore provide an opportunity to air some issues more important than whether or not the nominee should be confirmed. Usually a Westerner is named as Secretary of the Interior, a post of much greater importance today than it has ever been. The political folklore has it that all Westerners are outdoor types who climb mountains, shoot whirlpool rapids and dote on Indian crafts; they are therefore thought ideally qualified to preside over a department that has much to do with the public domain. But expertness in the relevant areas of administration has weighed less with successive Presidents considering nominees than skill in the political management of special interests and constituencies that have private economic stakes in Interior policies and programs. For example, a professional background in land management has always been less important than the ability to cope politically with the various interest groups that want land that Interior has to give. In terms of physical assets, Interior probably has more to bestow, lease or sell than any other department; the potential for plunder is, and always has been, immense. Political wisdom has it that the Secretary should be someone familiar with the interest groups directly concerned, who speaks their language and is able to quiet their fears of the "public-interest" rhetoric in which the White House must now and then indulge. It is also desirable that the nominee should be able to help the ticket in the Western states.

Different political considerations should prevail today. What is needed in a Secretary of the Interior is a dedication to the public interest of all the people, and not necessarily a broad acquaintance among interest-group executives or even expert knowledge of matters falling within the department's jurisdiction. At the present time Interior has many functions and responsibilities with which outdoor Western types are no more familiar than effete Ivy Leaguers of the Eastern seaboard. And Westerners have a distinct disadvantage in that any politician who has prospered in a social environment in which "development" necessarily means giving an edge to private interests can hardly have escaped being influenced by the experience. It is not so much a question of conflict of interest as it is that a politician of this background honestly believes that "development," at almost any price, is imperative. Colorado's Governor Lamm is an exception, but only because Colorado, in its new concern for the environment, is an exception among the Western states.

By most accounts, Stanley Hathaway, who served two terms as Governor of Wyoming, is a decent man and an efficient administrator who, particularly in his second term, seemed eager to strike a fair balance between environmental and developmental concerns—fair, that is, by his standards, which were the standards of the Wyoming majority. When he first took office, Wyoming had suffered a decline in population. Many residents of other states would greet such news in their locales with loud cheers, but it had ominous overtones in sparsely populated Wyoming. The economy is land-based. The state has little industry. It needs—or feels it needs—jobs and payrolls and more state revenues. And since a large part of the surface land area is publicly owned, one way or another, "development" necessarily tilted toward the private sector. Of course, as Secretary of the Interior, a politician from such a background might take a broad national view of similar issues—witness the performances of Walter Hickel of Alaska and Stewart Udall of Arizona—but the odds are against it.

The Hathaway nomination, assuming the President names him, raises still another issue. Isn't there something to be said for reversing the political pattern and naming to Cabinet posts nominees whose prime qualification—in addition to character and intelligence—would be a determination to place the national public interest first rather than an ability to manage, in political terms, the special interests most directly affected? It would be refreshing, and possibly rewarding, to have an advocate of the consumer interest named as Secretary of Agriculture, or to see a black named as Secretary of Commerce, or to

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have as Secretary of Labor someone who had never carried a union card or taught a course in industrial relations. We are concerned today with national priorities and goals and large public-interest issues for which regional or occupational backgrounds may be positive disqualifications.

It is expecting a good deal to suggest that a Republican administration should name as Secretary of the Interior a person with strong affirmative views on protecting the environment, preserving wilderness areas and keeping a watchful eye on public lands. But a public-interest advocate might, in today's post-Watergate environment, have surprisingly potent national appeal. The hearings will provide a chance not merely to review Mr. Hathaway's record and learn his views on public issues but also to consider the question of the kind of qualifications, background and experience that are today important in judging a nominee's fitness to hold positions at the Cabinet level.

Free Enterprise in the Schools

In a burst of pedagogic fervor that would do him proud in any country that views schools as ideological indoctrination centers, North Carolina Gov. James Holshouser recently announced that state students ought to be forced to take a course in the free enterprise system. The legislature there refused to stipulate a separate course, choosing instead to add the subject to a laundry list of matters required as part of each student's course of study. Now, North Carolina youngsters, in addition to hearing in school about Americanism, fire prevention and drug abuse, will, according to the law, be required to receive instruction on the "free enterprise system, its history, theory, foundation and the manner in which it is actually practiced." What they won't get is a definition of free enterprise, for on that the legislators could not agree.

Apparently the law, as originally passed by the state Senate, included a classical definition of the system as applied *laissez faire*, but members of the General Assembly opposed teaching that to the state's children because, according to the Durham (N.C.) *Morning Herald*, they said it sounded like "the robber baron period of the 1800s." A revisionist definition was suggested that would include under free enterprise government regulation of trade and consumer protection. One legislator, an auto dealer from Cabarrus County, reportedly said that to him an essential part of free enterprise was state and federal regulation to protect him from the "large manufacturers."

Students being taught that in conjunction with Adam Smith, or even U.S. Chamber of Commerce literature, would have reason to be confused. So the legislators decided not to define the system they mandated. The *Herald* itself said the bill was "Apparently . . . primarily symbolic" since state education officials "have said the free enterprise system is already taught in the schools."

Symbolic or not, the new law has unpleasant implications. (See "Brainwashing the Classrooms" by Joseph Stocker, *The Nation*, December 17, 1973.) Schools, which traditionally adhere to dominant societal values, will become even more repressive if lesson programs are dictated by legislative bodies. And though the North Carolina law does not go that far, at least one legislator, Ruth Cook of Raleigh, said she opposed it because it stirred memories of her childhood schooling in Nazi Germany. Meanwhile, teachers in the state have ahead of them the challenging task of trying to rationalize federal bailouts with the word "enterprise" and a system of monopoly capitalism, subsidized and protected by a corporate-dominated government, with the word "free." Perhaps they should consult Governor Holshouser.

The Culture of Capitalism

Searchers for cures to current economic maladies might look at the current remains of earlier quests for political reform before prematurely limiting the range of their concerns. Advertising may have as its underlying message the value of one-shot, symptomatic remedies; political experience teaches something else.

More than forty years ago liberals saw in the TVA a creative response to regional blight, and only the most crotchety reactionary would deny that the TVA worked miracles in the Tennessee Valley—and proved that there were pluses in public enterprise. But, like so many initially bold innovations, the TVA's public-mindedness, battered for decades by corporate and government bureaucrats who either felt threatened by it or just plain could not understand it, began to atrophy for lack of encouragement. The precious TVA ideal perished in an economic environment hostile to it. Today the TVA has 26,000 employees, tries to become a bigger and bigger power supplier to private companies and, consequently, has become a notorious strip miner, air polluter and devotee of nuclear fission. People in the valley talk about the TVA the way they used to talk about the giant corporate and agricultural villains. With good reason.

On a smaller scale, a series of pro-life, anti-corporate victories of the late 1960s against the cigarette pushers is in danger of erosion. The cigarette combines have learned to adapt to the vagaries of federal regulation and the required warning notices. They tried to coopt genuine concern for cigarette health hazards by introducing brands with lower tar and nicotine—in itself a welcome move for those utterly hooked on cigarettes. Now, since only two of those brands have made it to the top twenty sellers, the tobacco companies have switched their most high-powered competitive concerns back to the high-nicotine heavies. In some cases they are making new brands with different shapes; in others offering old brands with face-lifted images. In all cases, the more dangerous and more addictive cigarettes seem to be getting the biggest push, as one tobacco merchant admits, "Full flavor is what people want, and that's what Reynolds is going to give them." William D. Hobbs, chairman of the R.J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., recently told *Business Week*, apparently with a straight face: "We're not doing anything different except talking to the group that wants it. Full flavors are selling and growing."

There's no question but that both the TVA officials and the tobacco executives are acting in full accordance with their values, particularly those wrapped up in their perceptions of their proper roles as administrators within a capitalist economy. That is precisely the trouble. That is why new piecemeal reform measures—in these cases, for instance, adding democratic structures to the TVA organization or putting more controls on the cigarette makers—

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will in the end prove ineffective at reaching the root problems that brought about the reforms in the first place. These institutions, like all others, exist within and adapt to a specific culture, the culture of capitalism, a culture which defines and directs the aims and functions of the insituations within it. Reformers too often believe what they want to believe—that, if properly marshaled, reason, evidence and rational argument will prevail. Gains may be registered, but the reformers too often come and go, getting stirred up, sometimes winning a solid compromise, and then returning to their private affairs—while the corporate interests daily pursue the fight for growth and profits that is their private affair. Despite all the tinkering, the culture remains, fed by an economic system profitable to some and made resilient by the illusion of openness and responsiveness that the beneficiaries never cease to convey.

SECOND-HAND BABIES

DESMOND SMITH

Just when it seems that nothing in the world could possibly be more revolting than yesterday's headline, along comes something new to top it. The most recent offense to human dignity is that massive airlift of so-called "Vietnamese orphans" from Saigon. This traffic in other people's children is body-snatching at its worst, accompanied as it is by pious declarations that we are "saving the children" in the name of all that is decent in us.

Naomi Bronstein, a Canadian whose adoption agency, Families for Children, has worked for several years in Cambodia and Vietnam, and who has earned a reputation for probity and common sense, calls the ugly grabbing game "like getting meat in a meat market." She adds, "We started this work six years ago, and it was not fashionable then to save orphans. It wasn't even fashionable two months ago. Now it appears that since I've been away, it has become fashionable. Where were all those planes when we needed them before?"

The final indignity for the Vietnamese is that, after we have bombed, strafed, napalmed and maimed half the population, we now take their children from them. Under whose authorship, and under what kind of supervision, are these infants packed into cargo planes for the 13,000-mile journey away from their homeland?

And for what reasons? Opposition leaders in Saigon made public early in April a letter from a top government official that quotes the U.S. Ambassador Graham Martin as saying that the evacuation of orphans "will help create a shift of American public opinion in favor" of South Vietnam. That no doubt is why the media managers and the U.S. Government support the "babylift." But there is another fact to be considered. It so happens that the war in Vietnam coincides with a declining birth rate in the United States. Particularly among the middle class and well-to-do, there has been a tremendous increase in the demand for children by adoption.

Unfortunately for the unwanted children of this world, there are fashions even in second-hand babies. Nobody particularly wants the children of the American ghettos, thousands of whom cannot find even foster homes. Nor is there any visible demand for those thousands of Indian children who die every year on the streets of Calcutta and Bombay.

Indeed, Families for Children has found that applicants very quickly turn off their humanitarian interest when they are told that a child may be of mixed blood. Their interest wanes even further when informed that the child is likely to have parasites and be in need of extensive medical care. What is wanted is a perfectly normal Vietnamese child with a positive attitude toward his adoptive parents. One international agency, the Holt Adoption Program, which began in Vietnam by sending to the United States seven children in 1973, and hoped to ship several thousand this year, has even operated a kind of indoctrination course for the tots. As Wink Guthrie, their P.R. man, told *The New York Times*, "these are the most Americanized foreign children you have ever seen. In Saigon they were eating scrambled eggs for breakfast and singing *Jingle Bells*." No wonder, then, that a man from the Middle West phoned the Holt people in Oregon recently and said: "I'm a very important person, and I've got to have one of those children."

The Chihuahuas and Chow-Chows of the used-child market are the Vietnamese—neither black nor white, somewhere in between, and awfully nice to show off to your neighbor as a kindly act in a savage world. In the used-car trade they would be called "fast movers," and would-be parents have paid as much as $2,000 for a Vietnamese child. A child lost, or wandering alone on a downtown street, is nowadays in real danger of being picked up, scrubbed, fed and given a shot. Then come World Airways, or some other charter group, a horde of cameramen and network correspondents and a family in America.

But where are the child's parents? How can we be sure that they are dead? What role do Vietnamese officials play in this decision to send their own children abroad (but not their war-maimed and hungry)? Herbert Bronstein, of Families for Children, is alarmed that many children may not, in fact, be orphans at all. Anyone who saw on television the scenes of parents heaving their children on boats and planes in Da Nang, Nha Trang and Hué, "just to save them," may well share Mr. Bronstein's doubts. "Unless a child really has abandonment papers or orphanage releases," he says, "there is no real proof that they are legitimate orphans."

Is it possible that in the awful turmoil parents who have been separated from their children may very easily show up tomorrow, only to find that their offspring are in Floral Park or Sacramento eating pop-up frosted fruit tarts and watching *Sesame Street*?

This traffic in used babies must stop. Let the world press and U.S. television networks put their reporters on the facts behind this repulsive business rather than on the emotional scenes of frightened children and tearful American adoptive parents.

Desmond Smith is director of television for the CBC in Montreal. As a television producer for both CBS and ABC News he visited Vietnam on numerous occasions between 1965 and 1972.

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THE NEW HEREDITARIANS

GERARD PIEL

I beseech ye, in the bowels of Christ,
think it possible ye may be mistaken.
—Oliver Cromwell to the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, August 3, 1650

In a statement under the title "Behavior and Heredity," published in July 1972 in *The American Psychologist*, the journal of the American Psychological Association, fifty scientists brought serious charges against colleagues and others unnamed. They charged the professional offense of orthodoxy to "academics committed to environmentalism in their explanation of almost all human differences." They alleged that those who "express a hereditarian view" of human behavior have suffered "suppression, censure, punishment and defamation" by scientists and "nonscientists and even antiscientists." These charges have agitated the community of psychology in the intervening months, bringing to a boil once again the chronic "nature-nurture" controversy that has beset every generation of behavioral scientists since the time of Charles Darwin.

Controversy is not strange to science. The work of science may be more confidently described as the correction of error than the discovery of truth; the adversary process is its life. Discourse is ordinarily addressed to the substance of statements, to the integrity of the evidence and the rationality of its interpretation. All parties are bound to "the habit of truth," as J. Bronowski called it [see "Science and Human Values," *The Nation,* December 28, 1956]. They are bound if only by the certainty of exposure if they depart from the truth.

The present controversy has escaped these bounds. This is one of those occasions, epitomized by the distinguished sociologist of science Robert Merton, when the parties "no longer inquire into the content of beliefs and assertions to determine whether they are valid or not, no longer confront the assertions with relevant evidence, but introduce an entirely new question: how does it happen that these views are maintained?" It is to the credit of behavioral scientists that such occasions do not arise more often in their deliberations. Their work is beset by a double uncertainty. The act of observation perturbs not only the event but also the observer; the study of human behavior ineluctably engages human behavior.

Nowadays the work comes under still another strong perturbation, from outside science. Rationalizations supplied from the social sciences are much favored by the makers of public opinion and policy. In acknowledgment of this tripling of the uncertainty, Gunnar Myrdal, last year's Nobel Laureate in economics, has urged that social scientists, upon searching self-examination, should surface and declare their bias and make the open test of evidence against that bias an integral step in the development and presentation of evidence. This would surely prove a more fruitful as well as a more honorable procedure than the conventional pretense that the conclusion has followed from innocent Baconian induction.

Thus, it clarifies the present controversy to acknowledge that it involves not only behavior and heredity but race. That explains much of the incivility it has occasioned.

As Rep. Barbara Jordan of Houston, Tex. observed in the course of recent deliberations of the House Committee on the Judiciary, "We the people . . ." did not include the likes of her until, at the earliest, 1868. The Reconstruction brought *de jure* but not *de facto* change in the status of the American Negro. By 1875, under the so-called civil rights decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court in that year, the legal gains had been largely nullified, especially in the South. The Second Reconstruction may be said to have begun with the *Brown* decision in 1954, at the extreme reach of the already ebbing tide of benevolence that had got underway in American politics during the 1930s. For behavioral scientists that decision had special meaning. It cited the work of behavioral scientists in affirmation of the ethical ideals of American society, and it placed the weight of the Constitution behind ameliorative measures to enhance the behavioral development of the country's youth.

Observance and enforcement of the law of the land came uncertainly against crosscurrents of reaction and backlash. As late as 1963, Judge John Minor Wisdom had to write for the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans:

> We again take judicial notice that the State of Mississippi has a steel-hard, inflexible, undeviating policy of segregation. The policy is stated in its laws. It is rooted in custom. The segregation signs at the terminals in Jackson carry out that policy. The Jackson police add muscle, bone and sinew to the signs. [*U.S.* v. *City of Jackson, Miss.* 1963]

This time the hardening of racial lines in the South coincided with the technological obsolescence of the black field hand; the postwar migration of the American Negro was carrying the heritage of twelve generations of political and social oppression from the rural slums of the South into the ghettos of the country's major cities. An obdurate new pattern of metropolitan segregation now divided American society in every major population center. The ugly reality of racism is measured by such indexes as: infant mortality that runs at twice the rate among black as among white Americans; unemployment, three and four times as high among young black males; populations in prisons, houses of detention, mental hospitals and children's shelters that are 85 per cent black; a differential of 2.6 and 2.0 years in schooling as between whites and blacks, male and female, respectively; a three-times overrepresentation of blacks in the income groups below the poverty line. The degradation of caste is enforced not only by "muscle, bone and sinew" but also by benevolence—as in the case of welfare measures that pay the least for support of needy children at home and the most to institutionalize them.

Under the moral leadership of a national administration too squalid to stay in office, Americans in every major city have now risen, on the fraudulent issue of "bussing," to place the power of public funding behind racial segrega-

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tion in the country's schools and neighborhoods. In the very hour of that administration's fall, the U.S. Supreme Court that bears its mark, in a 5-to-4 decision (*Milliken* v. *Bradley*) on the bussing issue, effectively frustrated the *Brown* decision. The South, having yielded its *de jure* segregation, is now free to import *de facto* racism from the North.

It was to this waning of the Second Reconstruction that certain biobehaviorists contributed the papers, the articles and the public appearances that are at issue in the present breach of the polity of the behavioral sciences. I have reviewed the historical background in order to explain, in part, the passions they aroused. The principals claim they have been misquoted and misrepresented. Because my inquiry into this episode requires consideration of the primary documents, I must now expose myself to that charge.

The leading contribution, of course, was that of Arthur Jensen, psychologist at the University of California, Berkeley, published in the Winter 1969 issue of the *Harvard Educational Review.* In that journal, the paper served as a survey of work and of questions largely outside the competence of its editors and readers. Jensen's essay is, in fact, a secondary review of a large body of literature, with little primary reference to original work by the author. Up to a point it stands as a creditable popularization of the principles of population genetics and a review of attempts to estimate the relative contributions of heredity and environment to the shaping of the behavioral competence called "intelligence."

Jensen is careful to declare that "heritability"—the unit in which estimates of the genetic contribution are expressed—is a "population statistic," having "no sensible meaning with reference to a measurement or characteristic in an individual." He insists that heritability "is not a constant like pi and the speed of light." As a population statistic, its value is affected by the characteristics of the population: "It will be higher in a population in which environmental variation relative to the trait in question is small, than in a population in which there is great environmental variation. . . .[The] value of H is jointly a function of genetic and environmental variability in the population. Values of H . . . do not represent what the heritability might be under any environmental conditions or in all populations or even in the same population at different times. Estimates of H are specific to the population sampled. . . ."

From this point, Jensen's discussion proceeds outside the restraints these careful statements imply. Principally from a review of evidence from studies of the IQ of identical twins, conducted uniformly among white American and British children, he postulates .80 as the value of the heritability of intelligence and asserts that it applies to black as well as to white Americans. To make this postulate stick he must show that the contrasting environments that nurture whites and blacks in America exert the same .20 residual effect upon the expression of their genes for intelligence. The result is what accountants call a "plugged" figure. Jensen holds the black environment down to .20 by assigning liberal discounts to prematurity, prenatal and perinatal nutritional deficits, maternal and even sensory deprivation in infancy, cognitive dissonance between home and school, and the segregation and tracking that give the overwhelming number of black children inadequate schooling. He does not mention another factor, cited in the Coleman Report on Equality of Educational Opportunity as one that had a "stronger relationship to achievement than . . . all the 'school factors' together." This is "the extent to which an individual feels that he has some control over his own destiny," a feeling that was found nearly nonexistent in black children except in those few schools where their representation approximated that of blacks in the population.

In this context, Jensen considers the comparative distribution of IQ scores in the black and white American populations. The mean for blacks invariably falls one standard deviation below the mean for whites. The bell curve for the blacks thus places 85 per cent of them to the left of the mean for whites and the majority below the 75-IQ "retarded" line. On this finding, the intelligence of blacks is depressed by their heredity to the point where most of them are genetically retarded.

At the outset, Jensen offers as a hypothesis the proposition that .80 stands as a kind of constant, making it possible to compare genetically fixed intelligence in different populations. Thereafter, however, he employs it as a given. His discussion thus builds a multi-storied characterization of the genetic endowment of the black race on a wholly unsecured foundation.

The pivotal error in the Jensen argument has been called for what it is by the distinguished geneticists Theodosius Dobzhansky, Walter Bodmer and Luigi Luca Cavalli-Sforza. After chiding Jensen for his misappropriation of the concept of heritability, Dobzhansky goes on in his little book, *Genetic Diversity and Human Equality,* to dissent firmly from Jensen's depreciation of the depressing forces of the black ghetto environment. Writing in *Scientific American*, Bodmer and Cavalli-Sforza conclude: ". . . there is no logical connection between heritabilities determined within either race and the genetic differences between them."

Upon closer inspection of the evidence from the same twin studies surveyed by Jensen, the Cornell social psychologist Urie Bronfenbrenner casts considerable doubt upon the value of .80 for the heritability of intelligence even in the white population. It turns out that the twins who were presumably reared "apart" were mostly raised in the same towns, in the same socioeconomic strata, in households of the same family and went to school for the same number of years in the same or similar classrooms. For these twins, IQ tests showed correlations indicating a heritability of intelligence above .80. For the few pairs who were raised in unrelated households, however, the coefficient was .63; where they were raised in different towns, the coefficient was .66, and for those raised in dissimilar communities (e.g., mining *vs.* agricultural) the coefficient fell as low as .42 in one sample and .26 in another. In fact, from consideration of these data, the original authors of one of these studies had concluded that "differences in education and social environment produce undeniable differences in intelligence." Bronfenbrenner is led to the parallel conclusion that "the heritability coefficient should be viewed not as a measure of the genetic loading underlying a particular

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ability or trait but rather as an index of the capacity of a given environment to evoke and nurture the development of that ability or trait."

Much the same result emerges from a study by Sandra Scarr-Salapetek, social psychologist at the University of Pennsylvania, that considered the IQ correlations in more than 1,000 sets of identical twins from different racial and social class groups. She found that ". . . total variance [in IQ] attributable to genetic sources was always higher in the advantaged groups of both races." And, contrariwise, "In most cases, genetic variance could not be estimated for the aptitude scores of the lower-class children." In other words, "native talent" may manifest itself conspicuously in people who grow up in favorable environments and remain suppressed in adverse environments.

Such a finding holds no surprise for a geneticist. Jerry Hirsch, a psychiatrist turned geneticist, calls the attention of biobehaviorists to the "norm of reaction," as the measure of the protean character of the genotype in its dynamic relationship to the environment. In plants and in some animals, the range or norm of reaction has been estimated from replication of the genotype in a wide range of environmental conditions. "The more varied the conditions, the more diverse might be the phenotypes developed from any one genotype." On the other hand, "Of course, different genotypes should not be expected to have the same norm of reaction." Such observations sink without trace the environmentalist cliché: "heredity sets the limits, but environment determines the extent of the development within those limits." At the same time, the new hereditarians should learn they are mistaken to "assume an inverse relationship between heritability magnitude and improvability by training and teaching . . . . Heritability provides no information about norm of reaction."

The Jensen paper was published without benefit of informed criticism of this kind. Unencumbered by the subtlety and power of well-demonstrated concepts from genetics, Jensen was able to proceed to the questions of public policy that interested him more. He is satisfied that the genetic deficiency of blacks explains the disappointing results reported so uniformly—starting with the Coleman report in 1966—from studies of ameliorative and compensatory educational programs. Since the genotype defies manipulation by such well-meaning efforts, it is a waste of scarce educational resources to try to upgrade the IQs of young blacks.

At about this point in his argument, Jensen was seized by a fresh concern: Is the "national IQ" declining in consequence of the higher procreative propensities of the lower classes, especially the lowest class blacks? "No one should be more concerned about this than the Negro community itself. . . . Is there danger that current welfare policies, unaided by eugenic foresight, could lead to the genetic enslavement of a substantial segment of our population?"

There is the odor here of the classical hereditarian anxiety put abroad by Francis Galton among his Victorian contemporaries when Social Darwinism reigned. To this proposition and the social policy it implies, Dobzhansky replies that it is "hypocrisy" . . ."to say that the deprivations of the poor come from their genes and must be corrected by eugenic elimination of those genes." Bodmer and Cavalli-Sforza, from knowledge of rates of genetic change in natural selection, find that not even chattel slavery could have exerted sufficiently rigorous social selection against the genes for high IQ in the American Negro population—assuming the peculiar institution could have found such selection advantageous. On the other hand, Sir Cyril Burt, whom Jensen cites as a supporting authority for fixing the heritability of intelligence at .80, was cheerfully confident that the gene pool of the British lower classes continues, through vertical mobility, to replenish the IQ endowment of the country's upper classes.

Jensen was putting a new gloss, however, on Social Darwinism. Under the old Galtonian regime, social stratification was supposed to sort out the unfit and settle them in the lower orders. According to Jensen, our egalitarian system was about to be stratified by the self-sorting of genotypes into social classes. The American meritocracy, by reducing barriers to all but genetic endowment, is in the process precipitating blacks and other incompetents out at the bottom. This idea was to grip the imagination of the Harvard psychologist Richard Herrnstein and inspire his contribution to the present controversy.

For the egalitarian nemesis, Jensen has a social-engineering remedy. Recognition of the peculiar Negro genetic endowment will show us how to arrange an appropriate place for black people in America. Studies demonstrate that black infants have a higher DMQ—developmental motor quotient—than do white infants; that is, they exhibit developmental precocity and more rapid attainment of motor coordination. What is more, it turns out, the preoccupation of educational testers with IQ has been obscuring a capacity for "associative learning," as distinguished from the higher-order "conceptual learning" that dominates the IQ scale. Citing his own work, Jensen is able to testify that black children score high on this "learning quotient" and are eminently teachable at the level of the three R's. It is their deficient capacity for conceptual thinking that depresses their IQ scores. He reports further that this skew in the learning abilities of blacks is shared by white children of lower socioeconomic status: "The genetic factors in each of these types of ability are presumed to have become differentially distributed in the population as a function of social class." From this background, Jensen makes the almost unexceptionable recommendation that the educational system "develop techniques by which school learning can be most effectively achieved in accordance with different patterns of ability."

The only objection is to caste—to the sorting out of young people for different kinds of education and so different life roles by such genetic markers as skin color. The objection would come from those of our fellow citizens who would refuse to accept their allotted places in the brave new world that Jensen builds upon his defective genetics. In Jensen's model of their genotype, American blacks can readily recognize the admiring condescension with which slaveholders were pleased to characterize their agile, teachable chattels. In resistance to such reconstruction of the American social order, the black minority would be joined by those whites who discover that they too have been similarly pigeonholed, without the dignity of divination by skin color.

The article by Richard Herrnstein in the *Atlantic*

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Monthly for September 1971 is addressed to this penchant for equality that animates the political life of all peoples who aspire to self-government. As a reprise, in part, of the Jensen paper, it constitutes a tertiary treatment of questions of race, heredity and behavior, with Herrnstein's own socio-philosophical speculations supplying the principal novelty.

Herrnstein opens with a lengthy review of the evolution of the IQ test. This review is useful because it reminds the reader how early in its history this test in children of acquired knowledge, classroom skills and simple rote learning became invested with the power of insight into the endowment of the genetic homunculus—what Ethel Toback calls the cryptanthroparion—lurking somewhere in the child. Significantly, Herrnstein makes no mention of the work at the Child Welfare Research Station at the University of Iowa which in the late 1930s demonstrated the mutability of the IQ in response to favorable and unfavorable changes in the children's circumstances. He cites the famous studies of M. Skodak and H.M. Skeels for their showing of correlation (in rank order) between the IQ of foster children and their biological mothers, but not for the 20 point average spread in the IQ of those children over their mothers.

"The problem with nature and nurture," says Herrnstein, "is to decide which—inheritance or environment—is primary." This nonproblem is the King Charles's head of the behavioral sciences. It has obscured real questions and blocked the development of a conceptual apparatus, such as that possessed by genetics, appropriate to the wealth and complexity of behavior, starting with the lowest infra-human organism capable of this sign of life. T.C. Schneirla once proposed that the dichotomy be restated in the semantically neutral terms "maturation" and "experience"—" 'maturation' . . . to refer to the contributions to development from growth and tissue differentiation together with organic and functional trace effects persisting from earlier development" and " 'experience' as the contributions to development of the effects of stimulation from all sources (internal and external), including functional and trace effects surviving from earlier development." In consequence of feedback linkages between internal and external events and between earlier and later stages of development, "The developmental contributions of the two complexes, maturation and experience, must be viewed as fused (i.e., inseparably coalesced) at all stages in the ontogenesis of any organism." Testing of this theoretical model would call for hard work in the field and laboratory. It suggests, for example, what little work has been done on the unfolding and development of behavioral capacity in the growth of any organism, but especially man. The ethnologists of the Konrad Lorentz school and the latter-day behaviorists led by B.F. Skinner, who have enchanted the last generation of laymen with their animal stories, typically report observation of behavioral episodes and feats of behavioral conditioning; they have missed almost completely the ontogeny that recapitulates phylogeny in behavior.

The interest that Herrnstein's treatment of his nonproblem holds is largely external to his presentation. In effect, he rehearses at greater length the Jensen proposition that pursuit of equity in our social order must result in its biostratification, with those of lowest genetic endowment, especially the blacks, precipitated out at the bottom. Of greater significance is his vision of who would be selected up to the top. With frictionless vertical mobility, the meritocracy would come under the dominance, of course, of its highest IQs. A behavioral scientist ought to recognize that the rough and tumble of getting and spending and of getting the business of society done selects for other characteristics as well as intelligence. Dobzhansky lists persistence, willingness to work, originality, creativity, leadership, ability to get along well with other people and plain human decency" and suggests these may be grounded in genetic endowment. History shows that still other qualities count in the management of our society and may be heritable. Thus, the generalship of Nelson Rockefeller (then Governor of New York) at Attica in 1971, brings to mind the mettle displayed by his grandfather in the painful events at Ludlow, Colo. in April 1914—the Ludlow Massacre and Battle of the Hogback, in which the wives and children of striking miners died along with their husbands and fathers under fire from 1,700 "militia," half of whom were nonresident thugs on the payroll of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. and its colleagues.

It is this present, imperfect society that Herrnstein, in the end, urges upon his black fellow citizens. They should abandon their agitation for equality lest they win the self-defeating victory that would expose the poverty of their genetic endowment. In sum, they should stop reminding us of their accusing presence.

Of the social psychology and population genetics propounded by Nobel Prize-winning physicist William Shockley, there is still less to be said. One example of his imperfect ratiocination will suffice. "My own preliminary research," he writes, "suggests that an increase of 1 per cent in Caucasian ancestry raises Negro IQ about one point on the average for low IQ populations." From Bodmer and Cavalli-Sforza this drew the comment that Shockley's Caucasian gene must have such potency as to "make a black with 50 per cent white genes more intelligent on the average than an average white, and a black with 100 per cent white genes (who would be an average white) an absolute genius."

As neither a hereditarian nor an environmentalist, but as a reader and as an observer of the events in consideration, I can assure these three authors that it is not their science but their moral philosophy that has stirred the controversy of which they complain. Their biology has flunked the examination of every qualified geneticist who has put himself to the trouble of grading it. For their sociology and political science, the précis I have given will have to suffice. This insubstantial stuff has claimed attention in the polity of science, I conclude, only because these authors and their sympathizers have attracted such attention outside.

Out there on the hustings, they are entitled to the immunities of citizenship. But they may not honorably claim the sanctuary of science for any of the material I have reviewed here. None of it was offered as primary work for the consideration of colleagues competent in their fields or in the fields into which they blundered. In each case, they made their offering outside the polity of science to audiences that were bound to be mistakenly impressed by the

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authors' purported scientific authority on the questions they addressed.

To the extent that the experience of these three authors underlies any of the charges made in the statement on behavior and heredity, I believe that a great many of the fifty signators were either uninformed or misled. In particular, I can assure all signators that the espousal of "the hereditarian view" is not the cause of the troubles in question here. Jensen, Herrnstein and Shockley have joined a much larger group of social scientists in the disdain of the same agitated groups of scientists, nonscientists and anti-scientists. The names of Edward C. Banfield, James S. Coleman, Christopher Jencks and Daniel Patrick Moynihan lead this supplementary list, and none of them is a practicing hereditarian. What identifies all of these scientists, hereditarians and nonhereditarians alike, is that they have loaned their authority to public policies and popular attitudes associated with the braking and reversal of the Second Reconstruction—and so to the ominous division of our society on racial lines.

From my own reading of these other authors, I can testify that not all of their work is so lacking in merit as that which I have reviewed here, although I am compelled to regard some of it as more so, and more mischievous as well. Some of this work has been misinterpreted in transmission by the unstable amplifier of our popular press; some of it has been misused by public officials. It is plain, however, that just about all of it would have been ignored, had it not served particular economic and political purposes. The scientists honored by such recognition should remember that the incorporation of their work in public policy does not constitute its validation, powerful as events may prove the principle of the self-fulfilling prophecy.

I hope these scientists will watch closely the uses to which their work is put and that they will be alert to the human consequences. They may then come to understand the springs of the incivility and even violence by undergraduates deplored in the statement on behavior and heredity. That is but a leak around the furnace door of the contained violence that imposes second-class citizenship in Jackson, Miss.; in Watts; in South Chicago; in Detroit; in Harlem, and now even in Coney Island.

Distaste for the poor is a common and mean enough middle-class sentiment. These workers in the uncertain realm of the behavioral sciences, armed with a jejune nature-nurture dichotomy, have done injury to children. They have helped to abort the ameliorative and compensatory pre-school and elementary school programs our society has surely long since owed on much larger scale to the children of the poor and black. □

THE MARIANAS

NEW OUTPOST OF EMPIRE

STEPHEN C. MURRAY

Berkeley

On February 15 the United States made its first move to acquire new territory in more than fifty years. By signing a covenant, the legislature of the Mariana Islands in the remote Western Pacific indicated their willingness to become an American Commonwealth, a status like that of Puerto Rico. The pact becomes final if approved by the U.S. Congress and by a plebiscite among the islanders, whose 14,000 population is concentrated on Saipan and Tinian, scenes of fierce battles in World War II. It seems likely that a majority of the inhabitants of the Marianas will endorse the Commonwealth arrangement, but this expansion into islands 3,300 miles west of Hawaii and 5,400 miles from the coast of California is motivated chiefly by American self-interest, with the political maneuvers directed by the Pentagon, which plans a $300-million air and naval base for Tinian. The covenant also runs counter to the expressed wishes of the United Nations that no agreement be made with the Marianas at this time.

Since 1947 the United States has administered Micronesia, comprising the Mariana, Marshall and Caroline Islands, as a trust territory. It was one of eleven such territories established by the United Nations and doled out to the care of great powers until the native peoples were ready, in the words of the trusteeship agreement, for "self-government or independence." From the start, however, America's overriding interest in Micronesia was its strategic location; the island groups had little to offer economically, and no historic ties to the United States. While civil administrators sent there seldom had policies to follow or money to implement them, the armed services never lost sight of the potential military value of islands practically on Asia's doorstep. A secret study done under the Kennedy administration and following the military's line of thought recommended that the United States assure itself of future control of Micronesia by increasing Congressional grants to the territory, educating the people in American ways and then conducting a plebiscite while Micronesian appreciation of this generosity was at a maximum.

This plan went forward in its essentials until the late 1960s, when it ran into opposition from the Congress of Micronesia, the territory-wide legislature. Washington, after much foot dragging, was goaded into opening talks aimed at achieving a new political status for the trust territory. The Congress of Micronesia flatly rejected America's first offer, that of Commonwealth status for the entire territory, and countered with its own proposal of "free association." Under such an arrangement, the Micronesians would govern their internal affairs while allowing the United States to handle their foreign relations. In return

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for budgetary support, they would make certain lands available to American military forces in each of the three island groups.

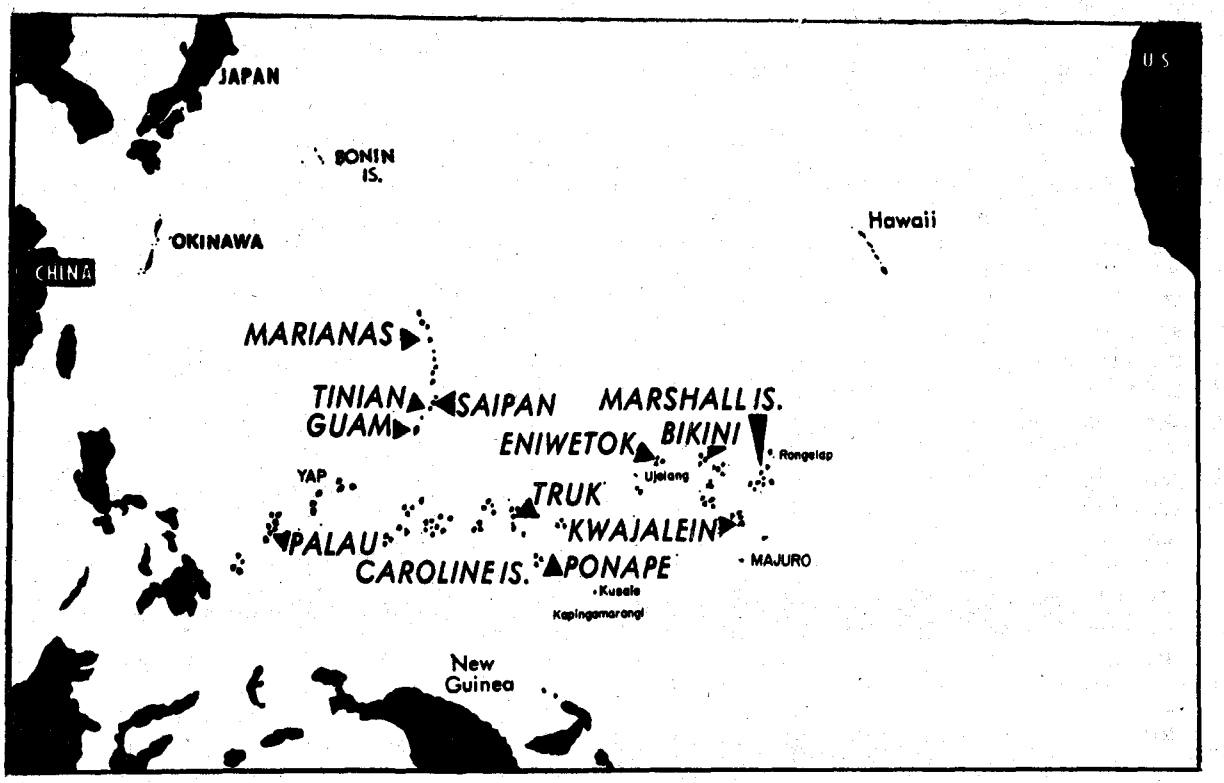
But negotiations on free association have been stalled since 1972, largely over disagreements as to what land claims America can make under the proposed relationship. In 1973 America took advantage of the fragile unity holding the disparate islanders together and opened separate talks on political status with the Marianas. This group has long been the most Westernized of the Micronesian Islands and had previously made clear its hope for close ties to the United States. It was also the site of the most extensive American military land requirements. The United Nations, opposed to fragmentation of political units on tribal or regional lines, objected to the talks. The U.N. Visiting Mission of 1973 protested that the 1947 trusteeship agreement gave no authority to the Marianas to negotiate separately from the rest of the territory. The Congress of Micronesia pleaded with Washington to make no arrangements with the Marianas until a Micronesian national referendum had given a clearer view of the wishes of the people. Nor is there precedent for an administering power to absorb a trust territory: the other ten trust territories are now either independent nations or self-governing states under something like the free association Micronesia has sought. All this the United States has chosen to ignore.

As members of a commonwealth the people of the Marianas would live under U.S. sovereignty, and any constitution they might draw up could not conflict with either the American Constitution or the covenant just signed. The Chamorros, as the natives are called, would become U.S. citizens, but with no voting representative in the U.S. Congress. Some islanders have expressed concern over the fact that Americans will now be free to emigrate to the new Commonwealth, whose small population could be easily overwhelmed. Landholding is also a worry, since the United States will be able to exercise powers of eminent domain—on the nearby island of Guam, an American possession since 1898, outsiders now control 70 per cent of the land.

A growing number of Chamorros have, in fact, begun to question the wisdom of tying themselves permanently to the United States. Last fall's elections to the Micronesian Congress saw the defeat of all but one of those politicians who favored immediate Commonwealth status. But the American negotiator, Haydn Williams, pushed on anyway with the old leadership that had proved so accommodating. One of the new Congressmen complained after the signing of the covenant, "In ten years the islands will not be our own . . . the majority of people living in the Marianas will be foreigners." A Chamorran student observed, "They [Chamorros] have been bought off, just bought cheap," and another added, "The Americans use dollars instead of bullets, but the results are the same." Still, it's doubtful if this bitterness can translate itself into enough votes to carry the plebiscite scheduled for June, especially since the local legislature has already approved the covenant.

Stiffer opposition may come from the U.S. Congress, where Sen. Gary Hart (D., Colo.) is attempting to block approval of the new arrangement, which in his words would convert the islands into a "United States military colony." Hart termed it "appalling" that the United States would "involve itself in this type of archaic policy," and noted that the Administration had not solicited the views of Congress on the "enormously expensive" base slated for Tinian.

Certainly a good deal of money would flow from



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Washington to Saipan and Tinian. Over the next seven years America plans to pay its new acquisition $140 million, which includes $19.5 million for a fifty-year lease on military lands. The huge air and naval complex, covering two-thirds of Tinian, is seen as a primary fall-back position once U.S. forces finally withdraw from Okinawa. Its location in the Commonwealth would make it secure to a degree that bases on foreign soil can never be. The actual construction of the complex appears temporarily delayed because of the current budget squeeze. But the Administration's willingness to flout the spirit of the trusteeship agreement and shrug off U.N. protests underscores the Pentagon's determination to maintain strong forces in the far Pacific. Except for American holdover bases from World War II, the Pacific has seen rather little military activity in the past generation. Yet Russia, well aware of U.S. plans in Micronesia, has reportedly asked Western Samoa for harbor rights. It would be tragic if America's atavistic pursuit of Manifest Destiny into the Marianas touched off the remilitarization of the Pacific islands.

Micronesia, involuntarily the chessboard on which foreigners struggled when last the Pacific was militarized, is again being manipulated for its strategic value. America will turn a peaceful tropical island into an armed camp poised for military adventure. □

THE LONGEST LUNCH BREAK

A SMALL UNION SITS DOWN

PAUL ROSENSTEIN

Danville, Ill.

In mid-February, a sit-down strike occurred in Danville, an industrial town of 50,000 in east central Illinois. Almost unique in forty years, it was organized by an independent union in a large plant of a major corporation. The twenty-nine-hour occupation violated the no-strike clause of the contract, but when work returned to normal, the union had won its demands and no reprisals were taken against any of its members.

The Hyster Company, with six plants in the United States and several abroad, is one of the world's major manufacturers of industrial forklift trucks. At 11:00 A.M. on February 17, when the whistle blew for lunch, officials and stewards of the Independent Lift Truck Builders Union (ILTBU) called together the day shift from five different buildings in Hyster's Danville complex. Three meetings were held simultaneously to discuss the union's problems with the company and the alternative courses of action open to the workers. The Hyster employees extended their lunch break until late in the afternoon of the following day.

How was it possible that the ILTBU, in this period when labor is on the defensive, could consider breaking a no-strike agreement and open itself to civil and criminal prosecution, fines, firings, even jailings? How, especially, could it consider such action when it has no affiliations with the rest of organized labor and is made up only of the 1,450 employees of Hyster in Danville? Didn't these workers understand that unions are supposed to retrench during a recession; that an army of unemployed is eagerly awaiting their jobs?

The ILTBU workers had been out three times in 1974. Twice they had refused to cross picket lines set up by independent unions from the other two Hyster plants in Illinois. In November, they had gone out again after reaching an impasse in their own contract negotiations. They returned to work in December with what they thought was a satisfactory contract, but in the next couple of months the union found that management was, as Terry Payne, the union's president put it, "trying to take away items we had won, and impose on us what it had been unable to win at the bargaining table."

Procedures like the equitable job advancement system that had been in practice for years were being ignored. Also, for the first time the company demanded mandatory overtime. "Bank days" (bonuses for good attendance), bereavement pay and improvements in the health insurance were being whittled down in violation of the agreement.

As the three February 17th meetings progressed, the members expressed their indignation, but they were not conspicuously eager to walk out and again set up picket lines in the cold. They were well aware of their difficult position. When the suggestion was made that they stay in the plant, standing by and ready to work whenever management agreed to abide by the contract, all three meetings jumped at the idea. The groups were asked to stay together in central areas, rather than go back to their work stations where company supervisors could single them out for disciplinary action.

At 11:20 A.M. the whistle blew for end of lunch and no one moved. According to Jerry Wright, ILTBU secretary, "The foremen stood back and watched, mostly in amazement." One person eventually did go back to work. A concentrated group of about twenty stared at him in silence. A few minutes later he stopped and sat down with the others. A union strike diary states:

> At 1:00 P.M. the coffee break whistle blew. There was a loud cheer, I guess as a sign of rebellion against the company. The foremen walked around talking to people; some played cards with us. It seemed as if they supported what we were doing (of course, they will benefit from whatever we win). . . .2:30 P.M.: Terry Payne informed us that the general manager said he would talk to us if we went back to work first, and if we didn't he would close down the plant for a week. The people did not want any part of this. So Terry

Paul Rosenstein is an industrial worker who is at present studying at the University of Illinois.

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called him back and told him what the people said. . . . 3:30 P.M.: we met with second shift and they were behind us 100 per cent.

For the next few hours, nothing changed. Terry Payne spoke to the press about the situation, saying they were on an "extended lunch break." The company refused to make any public comments. Those who had cards were playing. Workers took tours of the plant; most had never seen what the whole place looked like. They reported a strange feeling arising out of the absence of the previously ever present supervisors constantly telling them what to do.

The next morning boredom began to become a problem. The diary tells us that "a few of the inventive people found some flat bearing races, spray paint and brooms. With these they played shuffleboard and it became a very popular game. But most played cards. We had games going everywhere. Later a few more of our inventive people took some scrap and built a basketball court. They made a ball out of paper towels and tape."

9:00 A.M.: a few of our women co-workers asked if they could stay home tomorrow so they wouldn't have to pay their baby sitters. We suggested they bring their kids and we would set up a day-care center. Also this morning, the top manager [and legal counsel] from the home office in Portland, Ore., toured the plant. He sure got here fast.

By noon of the second day, discussions had begun between the union and Hyster attorneys. The company said it would agree to speedy arbitration on the "bank day" issue and would negotiate a settlement on the other issues. That afternoon, U.S. District Judge Henry S. Wise issued a ten-day temporary restraining order against the union. The company, in its request for the injunction, in addition to citing the no-strike clause, said the national defense was being impaired by its inability to make forklifts for the military.

It took the federal marshal several hours to find the union officials. By 3:30 P.M. when the injunction was finally served, the leadership was confident that the company would talk seriously. By 4:00 P.M. work had resumed and at 4:30 the ILTBU executive board met with the company. The union won its major demands, although it agreed to send the bank day issue to arbitration. Hyster refused one demand, which was that three executives, who the union felt were responsible for their troubles, be fired. (They were former Ford Motor Company officials, relatively new to Hyster.) The company would not grant amnesty in writing, but the general manager told the board he considered the union's actions a "very serious mistake in judgment."

To understand how this small independent union could take on a multinational corporation, one must look at the unusual circumstances behind the event itself. The Hyster Corporation was run for many years by its founder, who practiced a paternalism whereby faithful employees could always talk out their problems with management. In the early 1950s, when unionization became unavoidable, weak independent unions were recognized at four of Hyster's U.S. plants. Old-timers are convinced that they were inspired and supported by the company, but since company unions are illegal in the United States, they had to carry on the usual functions of regular meetings, elections, negotiations, grievance handling, etc. These unions did a poor job for their members. Wages, benefits and conditions in the booming 1950s and 1960s fell further and further behind those at other plants in their communities. As the Hyster Company grew, it brought in outside specialists to run its production lines, and the employees began to feel that the company no longer saw them as individuals but rather as bodies to plug into the production process.

By the late 1960s, leaders who reflected the worker dissatisfaction began to get elected to union office. The turning point at the Danville plant came in 1968 when half a dozen officers of the ILTBU journeyed to nearby Champaign to take classes offered by the Labor Extension Program of the Institute of Labor and Industrial Relations at the University of Illinois. According to Stan Weir, who helped teach that first set of classes and several others since then, "In some modest ways the classes helped make up for the absence of an international union. We gave them the groundwork of fundamentals based on the experience of other unions and helped them avoid pitfalls that others have fallen into; but aside from some advice and help in unfamiliar areas, they built a program of action based on their own immediate needs."

Included in the course material that Weir gave them were concepts developed by management specialists. But he turned them around for the use of unions. The famous Hawthorne Studies of the late 1920s brought widespread attention to the existence in the workplace of "informal work groups." Those and related sociological findings became a key to management strategies for controlling the work force. Essentially, these studies found that important subcultures develop in all workplaces around informal relationships—on the job, during coffee breaks and lunch periods, and so on. These innocent seeming groupings, sometimes called cliques, tend to play an important role in creating social pressures that often are more persuasive than management's orders. The commonplace situation in which a group of workers convince an eager new employee to slow down and maintain the established work pace is but an example of the power of informal work groups.

Weir teaches unionists to base their organization on these groupings. This contrasts with the more traditional approach that trains officials to rely almost entirely on the formal grievance procedure and regular union meetings. Another area of Weir's course material creates direct links between the workplace and the outside world. He points out that the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, which are supposed to protect a citizen against arbitrary actions of the government, do not automatically apply on the job, where the rights of private property prevail. Only when a union contract specifically calls for some degree of due process and other freedoms do workers begin to have any citizenship rights at work. These democratizing ideas have helped to legitimize for active unionists their role in the workplace, and they have helped many to develop confidence and dignity.

Weir feels that, while the union in Danville suffers from isolation, it has at the same time gained strength in other ways, because of its independence. "They have been forced to learn to do it themselves." Over the past seven years

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they have built a strong organization based upon one working steward for every immediate supervisor. Officers serve only one-year terms and they are encouraged to solve all problems on the floor. This contrasts sharply with the initiative-discouraging tendencies built into the collective bargaining process by practice and law. A reflection of their strength is the progress they have made. Their wages and benefits have caught up with or surpassed virtually every plant in the community. They also attribute their success to the solidarity developed through a loose council with the unions at Hyster's other plants.

It was a coincidence that in early February, while they were trying to decide how to respond to management harassments, the union's stewards were taking a series of weekly classes with Weir. At the third session he showed them a labor history film, *The Inheritance,* which he routinely shows to all his stewards' classes. In the middle of the movie there is a half-minute of documentary footage on the Flint sit-down strikes at the General Motors plants in 1937. Although Weir was not aware of it at the time, those fleeting glimpses of "the way it was" planted a thought in the minds of some of the viewers.

Why did they do it? "We have had some bad experiences with arbitrators and the National Labor Relations Board. The company can take advantage of those procedures to stall for months or even a year," replied Terry Payne. "We were uncertain about the outcome of our action," he added. "You never quite know how your people are going to react and I wasn't sure how Hyster would respond. I knew what it could do. I'm a married man with five kids and nine years with the company. The vast majority of us have families to support. We knew they might try to run us out the door. But our people supported us. They were beautiful. I guess you could say we were all fed up."

There was pressure from home, too. Most of the seven executive board members had worked from six to twenty years at Hyster. Although their families had supported them in the past, the communities did see them as unusual. One officer told me that his children had been razzed at school over their three strikes last year. His wife had also picked up some flak from her friends. In his own way, Payne described the separation between the home and the job that affects workers' lives: "If you're pretty strong in the union movement, your family tends to think you're a little radical. I know mine does. I think the other officers' families all think we're a bit on the radical order. But they know we have to make a living and we like to make it as trouble-free as we can. They all supported us."

Many of the Hyster employees are young, and they reflect the changing attitudes and values that have been attributed to their generation. That is one reason they so fiercely resisted mandatory overtime. A significant number of workers are part-time farmers, which may also be a source of their independent spirit. Farmers traditionally have had difficulty adjusting to the discipline of the factory.

Despite their progress, the union's leaders are quick to point out that, in their opinion, working at Hyster is "no paradise." But for those who have worked in other industries and experienced the degradations and humiliations, the feelings of powerlessness and self-contempt that come from being treated like replaceable parts, it is an inspiration to see people who can "walk tall." They still have problems with noise and dust and fumes and monotony, but they have the dignity of people who have been willing to put everything on the line.

Three days after the sit-down ended, the *Commercial-News,* Danville's only newspaper, carried the following item in its daily editorial page feature, This Day in History: "In 1939 the U.S. Supreme Court outlawed sit-down strikes." □

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION

YOU STILL NEED A CAN OPENER

STEVE WEINBERG

Washington

The backgrounds of those attending a recent Washington conference suggest why the much-heralded law that assures citizens access to government files has not worked well during its eight-year history. The 500 conferees gathered to discuss the Freedom of Information Act consisted about 95 per cent of government bureaucrats, the people accused of frustrating the intent of the law. Only about 5 per cent were journalists and other citizens. The imbalance illustrates what experts say has been wrong from the start: bureaucrats know far better how to use the law to withhold information than citizens know how to use it to obtain information.

Steve Weinberg is a free-lance journalist, based in Washington, D.C.

The conferees were at the Washington hotel to discuss amendments to the Act, approved by Congress in late 1974 over President Ford's veto. The amendments had been hailed by editorial writers across the country as a major victory for the public's right to know and against governmental secrecy, but it became clear at the conference that they promise something less than certain defeat for recalcitrant bureaucrats in the executive branch.

The amendments offer a real potential for good, but then so did the original Act. On February 19, the day when the amendments went into force, numerous federal agencies had not published their final procedures for implementing the changes, despite instructions from the Justice Department nine weeks earlier that the public be notified before the deadline. Without that information, a citizen cannot know even the first step to take in an attempt to obtain records. And most agencies have found ways to sidetrack letters that fail to adhere perfectly to some arcane procedure.

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Even the agencies that did publish their procedures on time seemed determined to keep inquisitive citizens off balance. A major tactic to discourage requests is to demand payment in advance. Before agreeing to copy records, the agencies want to be sure they will be paid for time spent searching their files and photocopying the contents. Here is how the Attorney General suggested that the matter be handled, in a memorandum to all agencies:

> The problem [of non-collection of fees] might be met by including a provision in the agency's regulations to the effect that, unless the requester specifically states that whatever cost involved will be acceptable, or acceptable up to a specified limit that covers anticipated costs, a request that is expected to involve assessed fees in excess of $— will not be deemed to have been received until the requester is advised of the anticipated cost and agrees to bear it.

The blank was filled in differently by different agencies. The Justice Department itself used the figure $25.

This prepayment procedure is one of numerous small regulations which, taken together, are sure to bedevil citizens who simply want to obtain information—about themselves or programs of interest to them—that is held by civil servants supposedly employed to serve those citizens.

"These fee regulations promulgated by the agencies are being used as sort of a frightening barrier," says Ron Plesser, one of about ten attorneys in the country who have specialized in freedom of information cases since the original law was passed. "Asking someone to agree to pay some unknown amount before he can have what he asked for could be a real inhibitor."

Bureaucrats say the fee plan and other procedural details must be strict if agencies are to deal with an expected flood of new requests for records. "The increased work load is the most obvious problem cropping up since February 19," said Robert Saloschin, chairman of the Justice Department's freedom of information committee, who complains that he has been so busy trying to prepare for the onslaught that he has a pile of two-month-old unanswered telephone messages on his desk.

But some nonagency observers have little sympathy for bureaucrats who grouse about the extra work the amendments will mean. As Harrison Wellford, aide to Sen. Philip Hart (D., Mich.) said, "Increased citizen access should help citizens learn of governmental activities that have a chilling effect on First Amendment freedoms. Some administrative inconvenience isn't too large a price to pay for that."

If the increased work load were all that bothered bureaucrats, their surly attitude toward the amendments might fade as they adjusted to their new routines. But there is something else in the amendments that has bureaucrats worried about what the law can do to them. For the first time, thanks to an amendment giving the U.S. Civil Service Commission authority to punish officials who wrongfully withhold documents from the public, the freedom of information law will have teeth. Some persons see the threat of punishment as the most promising of all the changes enacted by Congress last year. Washington correspondent Jack Landau, who also heads the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, said the very real possibility of a suspension might make secretive officials think twice before withholding requested records. "I wouldn't be surprised if the first sixty-day suspension is the last," Landau said. "The provision will give public information officers a tool to use in arguments with their superiors."

However, the sanctions provision is riddled with loopholes, the main one being that punishment for infractions of the law is not at all automatic. Before the Civil Service Commission can even initiate an investigation into an employee's conduct, a court of law must issue three separate findings in a case arising from a suit under the Freedom of Information Act. First, the court must determine that someone in an agency improperly withheld records from the plaintiff. Second, it must assess attorney fees against the government. Third, it must find that the withholding of information was done "arbitrarily and capriciously." Even if all three conditions are fulfilled by the courts, there is doubt that the Civil Service Commission is sufficiently disinterested to penalize an agency official for doing something that many bureaucrats would applaud. Some Congressmen wanted sanctions to be meted out by the court itself, but that provision fell victim to a compromise in committee.

Other highly praised procedural changes in the law appear less than miraculous upon reflection. For example, agencies supposedly will have to answer requests much more promptly than they have done heretofore. Attorney Plesser does not expect any more year-long run-arounds, such as one of his clients got from HUD. Now agencies are to make an initial determination on a request within ten days of its receipt. If an initial denial is appealed, the agency is to rule on that appeal within twenty working days of its receipt. An agency is allowed an extra ten days anywhere along the line to process requests under unusual circumstances.

The limits appear to be an improvement, but not for everyone, especially journalists who have publication deadlines. Mike Causey, who writes a column on the federal bureaucracy for *The Washington Post,* said the change might help a journalist with a request if "within forty days after asking whatever he asked, he can still remember what it was."

The amendments are substantive as well as procedural, but even the two highly touted substantive changes may have little effect. The original law permits nine exemptions from mandatory disclosure. Two of those—for classified documents and investigatory files—have been modified to make access easier. But the seven others, all of which have been abused by the bureaucracy, remain intact. Several experts on freedom of information litigation say those seven exemptions will be relied on more frequently by officials determined to withhold information. The one they say is most likely to be abused covers "interagency or intra-agency memorandums or letters which would not be available by law to a party other than an agency in litigation with the agency."

Whether the revised law works well is important to persons other than bureaucrats and journalists. Several well-publicized cases since the amendments took effect show how they can be used by citizens, and abused by bureaucrats:

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☐The State Department made public parts of transcripts of background briefings on foreign policy given to reporters by Secretary of State Kissinger. The briefings, on nuclear arms limitations, were forced from reluctant State Department officials only because of a freedom of information request by Morton Halperin, a former Kissinger adviser. But Halperin's seeming victory over a secretive bureaucracy was less than total—the State Department deleted several vital pages from the transcripts on grounds of national security.

☐*Consumer Reports*, a national magazine, published previously secret information on bank interest rates after filing a freedom of information suit to obtain the rates from the Federal Reserve Board. However, the magazine obtained the secret information through a leak, when the agency refused to release anything while it appealed the magazine's initial legal victory.

☐Charles Porter, a former Oregon Congressman, filed suit against the CIA on February 19 in an attempt to obtain secret files about his personal activities. Before the forty-day reply time was mandated by the amendments, the CIA had failed to act on Porter's request for more than two months.

Not all freedom of information requests involve such dramatic circumstances. Access to government records affects scholars wishing to use historical documents, citizen groups trying to gain information they can use for lobbying on Capitol Hill or in state legislatures, and thousands of individuals with thousands of possible uses for information held by their own government. For example, the American Civil Liberties Union has on file the cases of a woman asking the government to explain why it would not hire her for a nursing post; of a man seeking a U.S. Navy report on the accidental death of his son; of a woman wanting to know whether the government planned to acquire land for a national park next to her property.

Before February 19, citizens who had the knowledge, patience and money to go to court against stubborn agencies often prevailed. Attorney Plesser said plaintiffs won about 75 per cent of the cases, "an incredibly high percentage where the government is involved." But many citizens lacked either the knowledge, patience or money to pursue a request through the courts, and even when they were fortunate enough to persevere and win, the "victory" came awfully late. Such was the experience of Morris Starsky, a former Arizona State University professor, who finally obtained FBI files showing the agency had waged an anonymous letter-writing campaign against him. Unfortunately for Starsky, the disclosure came nearly five years after he was fired by the university for alleged left-wing activity.

Under the new time limits, there is a possibility that he could have obtained the information quickly enough to save his job, but the word "possibility" must be stressed, because ingenious bureaucrats have frustrated laws far tighter than the Freedom of Information Act. Experts say that, if this time it is to be different, there will have to be cooperation from bureaucrats, aggressiveness from the press, and knowledge about how to use the Act on the part of citizens and the lawyers they consult.

The pessimism about cooperation from bureaucrats is deep, but not absolute. Many agencies seem to be trying to comply with the new provisions, even if their motive is fear of the new sanctions. A couple of agencies began to reform their handling of freedom of information requests even before they were pushed. One such is the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, where two years ago public information officer Russell Roberts helped implement changes. Because HEW's major product is information, Roberts said, the distribution of that product needed improvement. A 1972 internal study showed that the agency's average time for handling information requests was fifty-four days. By early 1975, before the amendments became law, the response time had been reduced to sixteen days. To speed the process, Roberts has immediate access to any one of four HEW attorneys when he needs advice. Furthermore, HEW, despite its decentralized bureaucracy, managed to centralize its freedom of information operation so that only sixteen of the agency's 130,000 employees had the power to reject a request.

There is some pessimism, too, about the role of the press in helping make the law more effective. Before the amendments, journalists filed less than 1 per cent of all freedom of information requests, even though the original law was approved largely because of pressure from journalists. Ralph Nader, who has been a much more consistent user of the law than all the media put together, said the press has failed to sue under the law because of its daily deadlines, its reluctance to offend news sources in government agencies and its penchant for negotiation instead of litigation. If the press is to use the amended law effectively, it will have to drop its irrational belief that news is almost instantly perishable. NBC reporter Carl Stern showed that it is not by filing suit under the Act for FBI files on its counterintelligence program. Although the process took him nearly two years, Stern won the suit, obtained the files and broke an exclusive story of nationwide importance.

Although observers do not radiate optimism about the bureaucracy or the press, they do think that the amendments will make a difference to citizens and lawyers in freedom of information fights. Plesser thinks that more attorneys will become interested in handling freedom of information cases now that the law provides for possible recovery of legal fees from the government. "I also see more persons requesting government files on themselves," Plesser said. "It shouldn't be that hard to do."

But the myriad of agency regulations for dealing with the amendments will make the filing of requests harder than it need be. Final implementation regulations published by about forty government units in the February 19th *Federal Register* include regulations as short as the one-half page published by the Reconciliation Service of the Selective Service System and as long as the 9 pages published by the Defense Supply Agency. There is no standard form to request information from every agency in the federal government.

For citizens who want information but cannot figure out how to play the game of obtaining it, a number of groups have printed manuals and are available for consultation, often at no cost. Some of the better manuals include "The Freedom of Information Act: What It Is and How To Use It," by the Ralph Nader-inspired Freedom of Information Clearinghouse at P.O. Box 19367, Washington, D.C. 20036; "Your Right to Government Information—How To

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Use the FOIA," by the American Civil Liberties Union, 22 East 40th St., New York City, N.Y. 10016, and "The Freedom of Information Act & National Security Information," available from the Project on Freedom of Information and National Security, 122 Maryland Ave., N.E. Washington, D.C. 20002.

So the push is on to make the law work. But despite the talk about what the law could do, the undertone at that recent Washington conference was one of questioning whether the bureaucracy would loosen its grip on its files. Even attorney Plesser, one of the more optimistic experts, spent as much time talking about what questions the amendments did not answer as about what had been resolved. He noted that such seemingly minor items as when an agency actually "receives" a request and how much an agency will charge for search and photocopying will help determine whether the Act works well or poorly.

"Some of these 'solutions' to the freedom of information problem that everyone has been talking about are only experiments," Plesser said. "We don't really know what's going to happen." □

LEPERS IN AFFLUENCE

IVAN GOLDMAN

Denver, Colo.

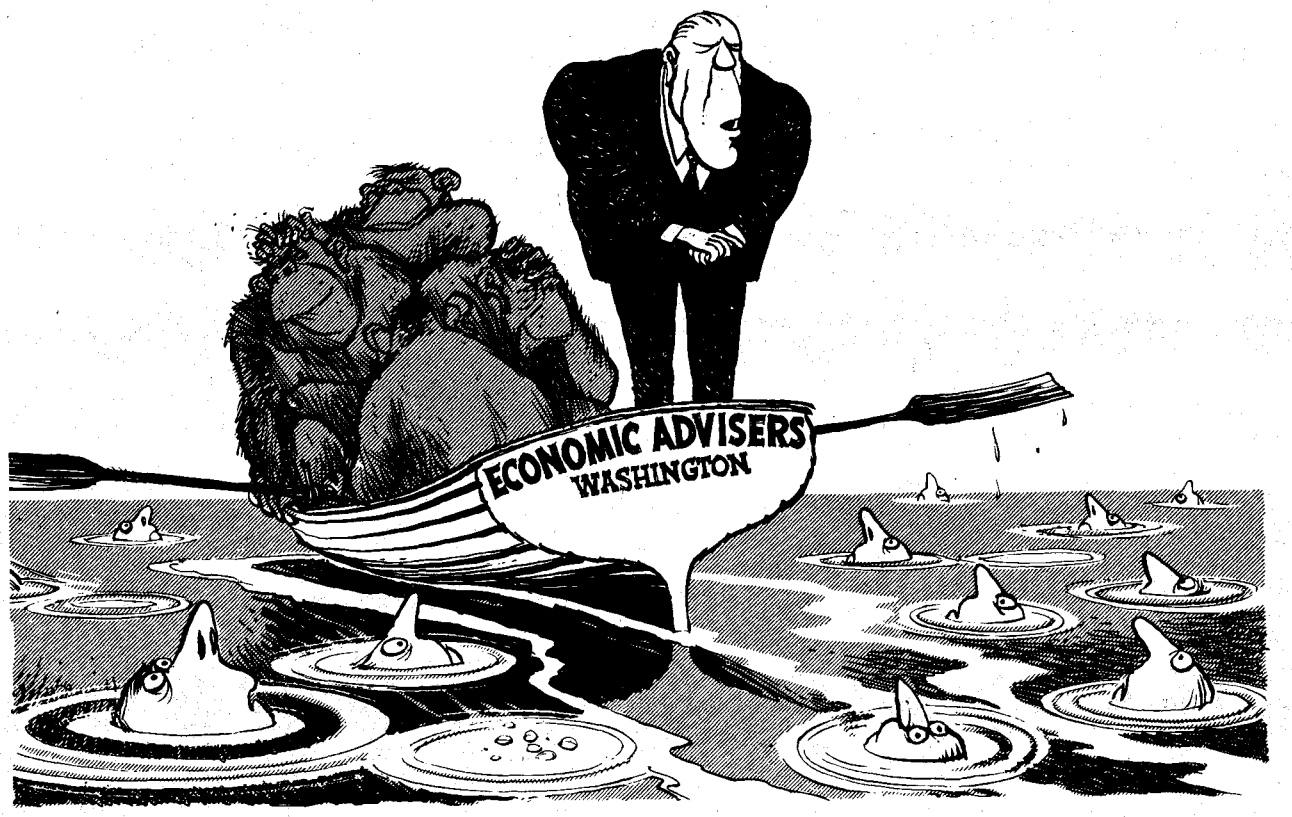
Once the tiger tastes human flesh, so the villagers say, he's sure to come back for more. The mighty *Denver Post* has just chomped off a hunk of flesh, and employees around the newsroom expect that more of them will be pounced upon before it's over.

The *Post* has laid off 100 of its 1,800 employees, leaving 1,700 people in moods ranging from rage to joy. The 100 goners haven't left yet. They're like lepers, hating the attention, hating the inattention, of their former colleagues.

Lately it seems that all the stories I'm assigned to write are about failed businesses, unemployed people, underemployed former big shots, scared people who've lost their wherewithalls. Still, I never thought the depression would enter the *Post* building; you get used to writing about other people being struck by lightning and never think it will hit you.

But rumors had been going around the building for months, and word was out that the jaws would close on a Tuesday afternoon. I spent that morning interviewing the hip owner of an art gallery. He was going under. His last show had drawn 300 people on opening night, and sold two prints at $5 each. Things, he said, were looking worse than he liked to admit.

A very old cab driver picked me up, and when I asked him to take me to the *Post* building, he said, "Yeah, I hear they're laying off some people over there." "That's what



Oliphant, The Denver Post

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we hear too," I said. "I think the list might be up right now. That's why I'm going back, to look at it."

He told me that, back in 1929, he'd had a really good job with a mail-order house, where he had worked his way up from mailboy over a period of years. "Then one day the cuts came, and supervisors—I mean guys with really good jobs—were working out on the loading dock. They'd bumped down that far. I had to leave, of course, and after that I became a bellhop. Lost all my savings in a bank that went under. I guess I never really came back."

The cab driver was too resigned; events had beaten him into submission. He was somebody's lifetime indentured servant. "Good luck, sir," he said. "I hope your name isn't on that list." It wasn't. But forty-two names were there, bringing the total layoff to 100. This was the first layoff to affect the newsroom. We hadn't thought much about those poor bastards in the composing room and elsewhere around the building who we knew had taken the teeth earlier. They were just numbers, like people in South American earthquakes.

It always happens to somebody else. Jim Maldonado, a night reporter who'd just taken the *Post* job a few months before, was on the list. He has a $258-a-month mortgage, three kids, all that. And he gave up a good public relations job in New Mexico to come here. Now he had nothing, maybe even no unemployment compensation, because he'd worked in Colorado less than a year. Jim told me he had no prospects. It may sound a little hokey, but he told me he'd just have to trust in God.

We live in a system that programs people like Jim Maldonado so that they must have $18,000 a year, a house equipped with wasteful gadgets, a ridiculous gas-guzzling car. We're programmed to require these things because the system that produces them wants our waking hours, most of them, the major thrust of our lives. It's all tied together. And the Jim Maldonados are discarded precisely when there are no jobs to be had, when other companies have frozen their hiring or are laying off their own people. That's how employment-unemployment works. We're productive machines, but the system doesn't care that we've been programmed that way when the inventories begin to pile up. Then we're just cut out of the system, wanderers among the toys of affluence.

The unions insisted in previously negotiated contracts, that layoffs be in order of least seniority; that may sound fair, but it isn't always so in practice. Susan Steninger, a young copy editor, arrived a few months ago from Raleigh, N.C., where she had held the same position for more than five years. Now she is being bitten away, her old Raleigh job is no longer available, and for her, there is no seniority any place.

Like so many of us, she came to Colorado to live the good mountain life, but mountain life, especially the way we've been programmed, requires steady income. We need skis and expensive backpacks and sleeping bags, nylon tents that weigh less than 3 pounds and cost more than $50. We take these things into the mountains and tell ourselves that we're living with nature, that we're better off than the pseudo-sophisticates back East.

At the *Post*, the rumors persist. Despite management assurances that the layoffs improved the paper's financial system, there is the gut fear that the tiger will be back for more. Employees study the seniority lists like scared sophomores on the edge of flunking out. It is a time of fear, of an uneasiness that is difficult to impart. You learn, in many cases for the first time in your life, that you're in the power of forces that look upon you as flesh. □

Ivan Goldman is a staff writer on the Denver Post.

'CRAZY S.O.B.'

AN AGENT'S VIEW OF HOOVER

ARTHUR L. MURTAGH

In November 1960, I had a talk with Charles Weeks, special agent in charge of the Atlanta office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. He listened with patience and understanding to my account of how J. Edgar Hoover had sent me to Atlanta on a disciplinary transfer from the Charlotte office, the purpose being to force compliance with Hoover's concept of what I should weigh (letters from physicians notwithstanding).

Weeks kindly agreed to send me to Macon, Ga. on a per diem basis, to work on an overload of cases that really did not exist. He had been around for years and knew that a period of rest and a little per diem was the best medicine for an agent who had been shocked into the reality of Hoover's power over the lives of his 6,000 agents.

I got a room at the YMCA and took my meals from the baby food in my suitcase; this kept my ulcer quiet. I was 39 years old.

The transfer had probably been delayed a year or more because of the bizarre statistical record I had compiled in Charlotte, which gave the office there the highest conviction rate in the country for that year. I had produced 288 convictions out of one very minor case involving some black veterans who had violated the fraud section of the Veterans Administration statute by paying their instructor to mark them present when they went out for a beer.

The bureau insisted that I get the U.S. Attorney in Greenville, S.C. to indict each veteran separately for each time he gave the teacher 50 cents to mark him present. I had preferred to use the age-old practice of a single indictment with multiple counts when the same violation was charged more than once. The bureau wanted separate in-

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dictments and we also indicted the teacher 138 times. A plea of guilty to one indictment equaled one conviction. We had also picked up seventy fugitives' statistics, since the definition of a fugitive was a person for whom a warrant was outstanding and whose whereabouts was unknown. Who would know the whereabouts of seventy young blacks in York and Chester Counties of South Carolina? A massive raid throughout the area in the early morning hours turned up all but three of the fugitives. I had guessed correctly that most of them would be found in their beds, and there I interviewed them.

The bureau got good press coverage on the whole case in Rock Hill, S.C. Anyone who arrested seventy blacks in South Carolina for taking government money they were not entitled to was deemed a hero in 1958.

My skill in rounding up this crew of lawbreakers and my genius with statistics had undoubtedly delayed my

Pierotti

transfer. In fact, Roy Moore, the special agent in charge in Charlotte, who took credit for the spectacular statistical performance, recommended me for a meritorious grade raise. I found out later that Hoover had denied the raise on the ground that I was 15 pounds overweight. Moore suggested that I lie about the weight. I declined, saying something to the effect that lying to Hoover was causing the breakdown in bureau morale, which everyone was beginning to recognize. Roy replied that "I should realize that I was working for a crazy SOB who was nothing short of a maniac," or words to that effect, and that "all we can do is make him think the world is how he wants it to be." He then added, with reference to my attitude about the weight, "I admire a man of principle, Art, but there is no place for a man of principle in the FBI. You will have to learn to 'go along' or get out for your own good."

During the lonely, dismal six months that followed my arrival in Macon, Roy's words rang in my ears. Through the long nights, as I read the histories of many of the medieval despots, I recognized Hoover's refinement of the old pattern. I struggled to decide whether to quit the bureau and attempt to expose the decay, or to stay until retirement and wait my chance to fight for reform from a position of strength and with more knowledge of what went wrong. I was certain collapse of the bureau or collapse of public confidence in the bureau would come in time. I resolved to stay.

I was alone in my conviction that Hoover's system would crash. My fellow agents insisted that it was "the way the system works"; "it isn't really lying"; "you can't buck it"; "Hoover is too powerful and besides everyone in the business world does the same thing." Anyway, aren't you against crime, corruption, communism "and change"? The bureau, they said, was the bulwark against the enemy.

The next eleven years were hell for me and my family. Events moving the bureau toward its collapse accelerated. The lie had to be worked hard to keep Hoover from discovering what was taking place. Things changed fast in the 1960s and change was the reality Hoover could not cope with.

Agents who had cut their teeth on lying about weight, overtime, hours in the office and statistics were forced to refine their techniques.

Many were well prepared for the task. They had entered the bureau as honest young men, strongly motivated to support justice. Years of rationalizing about what seemed to them trivia had broken down their moral fiber. Things were never black or white now; everything was gray. Loyalty took precedence over honesty; keeping Hoover mollified was more important than staying within the law. Preserving the bureau image and Hoover at its head was now a matter of self-interest for each agent and nothing was more important than self-interest. Those who excelled in the art of self-corruption had advanced to positions of power and authority where, a cadre of the gutless and unprincipled, they isolated Hoover from reality.

Protecting the image became the paramount goal. Dr. Martin Luther King had criticized the bureau. Facts be damned, truth be damned, the law be damned—he had to be stopped. Any means could be justified, since the end was the survival of Hoover's domain.

In despair, I turned to a fellow agent who saw the decay and corruption but lacked the will to resist it. I asked him, how do you explain this disaster to a public that knows only the image and constantly compares the government to business, saying that they are both corrupt, and so what? He replied, if a door-to-door rug merchant sells your wife a rug, claiming it is a genuine Oriental and it turns out to be a rag, the world won't fall apart. But if an official of the Justice Department turns out to be a crook the country may fall apart.

My friend was correct; it did fall apart. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

What, No Effusions of Reverence?

SAMUEL JOHNSON: A Biography. *By John Wain. The Viking Press. 388 pp. $12.50.*

ROBERT L. CHAPMAN

John Wain's biography may be unreservedly recommended to those who have time for just one book about Dr. Johnson: its judgments and attitudes are worthy of the great subject, and extensive enough to serve as a lifetime source of comment, arduously won; its quotations are relatively spare, and may whet an appetite for more of the true reviving liquor, Dr. Johnson's own prose. Surely it is not base in a Johnsonolater such as I to hope that the latter case will be the more common, even to hope that some of my fellow countrymen will be so happily misled as to read the book out of curiosity over what Duke Wayne might be saying about a character almost as famous as himself.

The book may likewise be recommended to those who are already familiar with or expert on Dr. Johnson, not only on the grounds that John Wain's own stature as a literary-academic person assures us a voice both authoritative and eloquent, but because he is less interested in the precise delineation of a dead man than in the appraisal of an immortal colleague, and hence is more like a Burke or a Goldsmith in the living tradition than like one of our modern Johnson scholars.

Even so, this is not an idiosyncratic, "Sam and I" sort of book, but an account controlled and determined by the epochs of Dr. Johnson's life. It comprises thirty chapters divided among six main parts: In the Midlands; Grub Street; The Dictionary Years; "True, Evident, and Actual Wisdom" (the years of the legendary talker, after the award of his pension); Turtle and Burgundy (the comfortable years under Hester Thrale's wing); An Honourable Peace. Mr. Wain maintains very well the sense of the long passage of a life, using more his novelist's art than the art, one might say, of the dramatist, which would spotlight certain portentous or culminative events at the expense of the true feel of existence.

Let me stay with the idea of the novelist for a bit, since it helps explain the experience I had in reading the book. We are told that quite often a writer will conceive his characters, then set them loose at the commencement of a plot, and find that they take over and write the story themselves, in spite of the author's outlines and intentions. As I read the later parts of this biography I felt that something like that had happened to John Wain in this nonfiction. To put it oversimply, he had begun with the aim of painting *his* Dr. Johnson, of whom he felt "certain stereotyped misconceptions . . . still exist." This refocused picture would show that the subject was not "a stupid old reactionary" nor "the arch-conservative." So it seemed that he wished to make the great man palatable to liberals, or even to the young, who scouted or ignored him because they had heard only the folkloric commonplaces about Whigs, colonials, the Stuarts, et al. Such a corrective effort was obviously laudable.

But it seemed to me that the book soon veered and began to sail on another and a much more interesting tack. John Wain's recurrent interpretive comments did not tend to highlight Johnson the libertarian so much as Johnson the last towering bulwark of European humanism. By the latter part of the book this particular mythic Johnson has been so powerfully drawn that when I read Johnson's characterization of the Puritan 1650s,

> It is scarcely possible . . . to image the tumult of absurdity, and clamour of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age, when subordination was broken, and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator who could hatch a half-formed notion produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation. . . .

when I read that passage, I could accurately say, "That is like John Wain talking about our own times, and this book is meant to convince us that emulation of Dr. Johnson can help withstand all that." The leitmotifs of the savior-figure as Wain sounded them had been Johnson's Renaissance humanism, his Europeanness, his regard for systems (his structuralism, forsooth), and his constant incarnation of the charitable in Christianity. It is finally only incidentally that Wain underscores some feature of the hero's ideological liberalism.

I am very far from complaining that the author lost control or betrayed his announced intentions. Rather I cherish the lively, novelistic quality of his book, where I can see an idea being born, growing, and at last enforcing itself as the prime focus of meaning.

In another, similar respect my awareness grew and changed as I read. I began with the notion that John Wain was going to give us his own hero-worshiping version of Dr. Johnson, which would differ from the *Johnsoniad* I or another votary might write, not only in personal accent but in force and comeliness of style. As I read along I was more and more disappointed at the plainness with which he writes, at the evenness and sobriety of his tone. I had decided to complain about this, and to point out several infelicities as well, when it dawned on me near the end that he had used the best possible style for conveying what he feels about his subject. A style marked by figures, by airs and graces, and in particular by effusions of reverence, would work to belie the tenor of his exposition. It would be more Boswellian than Johnsonian, and Wain makes it very clear that he is commending to us the master spirit, and not the delightful servant. The perception that grew as I read is that Wain quite designedly used both the straightforward chronological form and the sober, reasonable style that best express his meaning as I understand it. Again, he seems to have brought to this job of encomium and moral suasion the gifts of a good novelist.

Wain has increased my personal appreciation of Dr. Johnson especially by somehow foregrounding the combined power and delicacy of his mind. It was a mind able to have available at one instant everything it had absorbed. And so it was capable of seizing the largest field (Scotland, Europe, English poetry, the English language) and the smallest components in one network of meaning. The most commanding general truth and the most fugitive atom of data were strongly locked and interdependent because of this simultaneity of presence, and that is why Dr. Johnson always seems to be right about everything. Perfect memory served perfect tact. I might have

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ventured this about Dr. Johnson before I read Wain's book, because as a lexicographer I am accustomed to imagining reality as carapaced in linked and meaningful symbols, and I meagerly share that with Dr. Johnson, but the book has improved my vision.

As to whether I quite share Wain's woeful view of contemporary culture and see a proper regard for Dr. Johnson as an antidote, I am not sure. I am sure that in spite of good books like this, Dr. Johnson is inaccessible to the young, and hence useless as a civilizer or disenchanter to some of those who might profit. It is a paradox of Johnson worship that by the time we submit to his chastening correction we no longer much need it.

Nevertheless, I hope that certain new converts will be won by this book; that the luster of Mr. Wain's (or Mr. Wayne's) name will draw some to read it who might otherwise have known Dr. Johnson only by a few famous tags; that these will be heartened, stabilized, and given hope for human reason and compassion amidst the bleakness and freakiness we live in. Then Mr. Wain's hard labor of love will have been amply warranted, and a large part of his intention, if I have read him right, will have been realized. □

Scylla & Charybdis of Radicalism

AN ALTERNATIVE VISION: The Socialist Party in the 1930's. *By Frank A. Warren. Indiana University Press. 273 pp. $10.*

JOHN CASE

I joined Students for a Democratic Society in 1964. My friends and I spent a lot of time arguing about the Presidential election that year. We knew we had to oppose Goldwater and that Johnson's domestic program wasn't so bad. But we knew too that Johnson was a "liberal," not a "radical"—and that he wouldn't change much of anything. Our buttons read, "Part of the Way With LBJ." His landslide election brought us small comfort.

New Leftists often thought they were the first to confront the Scylla and Charybdis of American radicalism: "selling out" to liberals on the one side and embracing principled futility on the other. One's attitude toward LBJ in 1964 only indicated which danger seemed more fearsome. As we learned a little more about America's radical tradition, we began to grow nostalgic for the 1930s we had never known. The New Left's problem in the 1960s, it seemed, was that it was too small; it could choose only to be swallowed up by liberalism or to stand idly on the sidelines of political influence. But back in the 1930s—those were the days!—workers were mounting the barricades and the Socialist sun was rising brightly on the horizon. Socialists then, we thought, could be both pure and effective, for there was muscle behind their theories.

The last ten years have brought much disillusionment, particularly to the New Left. Learning more about the 1930s is disillusioning too. Radical ideas *were* more widespread then than in recent decades, to be sure. And the parties of the Left attracted more members than before or since. But Socialists did not walk the corridors of power. Nor, with due respect to the Right's perception of Roosevelt, did they come close to doing so. For the Socialist Party in particular, the choice offered by the times was not a happy one. They could throw in their lot with FDR and the New Deal. Doing so would have meant relinquishing their Socialist objectives in the hope of pushing the Democrats a little further leftward. Or they could have rejected "capitalist politics" altogether, and hoped to reach positions of power on their own. In broad terms, this is what the party did. It is now left to the historians to determine whether the Socialists thereby sacrificed whatever effectiveness they might have had.

Frank Warren's book is a defense of the Socialist Party's choices during the apparently not-so-red decade of the 1930s. His targets, he tells us early on, are the "pragmatic liberal" historians of the period: Daniel Bell, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., and Norman Thomas' most recent biographer, Bernard Johnpoll. These historians chastise the Socialist Party for its "impractical," "utopian," "doctrinaire" characteristics. Their argument is that the party, and particularly its influential leader Norman Thomas, could have been much more "effective" if they had only been willing to ally themselves with New Deal Democrats. Thus Bell, quoted by Warren from *Marxian Socialism in the United States*, writes: "At one crucial turning point after another, when the socialist movement could have entered more directly into American life . . . it was prevented from doing so by ideological dogmatism."

Warren's defense (the term is his) consists essentially of three points. First, the Socialists—and again, Norman Thomas in particular—were the most practical of men. The only thing was, they believed in socialism. Hence their practical concerns had to do with building the Socialist Party and realizing its objectives. They were not concerned, as Bell et al. would have them be, with influencing Democratic Party politics from within or with "getting things done" in the world of public policy. If the Socialists seemed impractical, that was because they were in no position to carry out their policies. Bell's real complaint about the party, Warren believes, "is not so much that its programs were not designed to cure the unemployment problem, but that the Socialists were not able to implement them, to pressure others into implementing them, or even to be members of a compromising team where they could neatly gain support for their program by ignoring segregation, as Roosevelt did in order to gain Southern support." In fact, the party was constantly negotiating from weakness. But given the lack of support for Socialist ideas, this weakness was inevitable. The party could not have been both Socialist and effective: "different alternatives meant different forms of failure."

Secondly, socialism had its assets. In particular, Socialist ideology gave its adherents what Warren calls an "angle of vision" that allowed them to see the issues of the time more clearly than their non-Socialist counterparts. An example is the New Deal. The New Deal rode the crest of the progressive wave of the early 1930s. And it gained support from the Communists later on, during the Popular Front period. We know now that the New Deal had significant failings, and that it presaged the immense involvement of government in maintaining private ownership of the economy's commanding heights. The Socialist Party, Warren shows, knew this all along and did not hesitate to say so.

Lastly, Socialists outside the structures of conventional politics—in this case outside the Democratic Party—may have more influence than those who hope to bore from within. In a 1944 exchange of open letters with Reinhold Niebuhr (then chairman of the Union for Democratic Action, the ADA's predecessor), Thomas argued for a strong Socialist vote to influence Roosevelt's peacemaking and to lay the groundwork for postwar political realignment. Niebuhr accused Thomas and the Socialists of "irresponsibility" and urged progressives to help "push forward" the Roosevelt administration

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from within the Democratic Party. Nothing could be worse, says Warren, "than Niebuhr's strategy that those who wanted radical change in society, those who were convinced society was 'sick,' should play the 'inside' game of 'immediate ends.' For what Niebuhr apparently failed to recognize was that those who stood outside were not simply 'flaunting their ideological superiority' but (ironically, to be sure) furnishing the liberal 'insiders' with their only pressure for social reform." The same held true for the earlier New Deal years. For example, the steps Roosevelt took toward aiding Southern tenant farmers were traceable largely to external pressures generated by the Socialist Party and the Southern Tenant Farmers Union. What little influence the party did have depended precisely on its independence: on the fact that Roosevelt could not count on its support.

A scholarly assessment of Warren's work must await a reviewer with more scholarly credentials. His arguments are convincing, however, and his accumulation of data impressive. The writing is somewhat stilted at times, but the book should nevertheless be interesting to those concerned with the period. Particularly because the Communist Party seems to dominate much historical writing on the Left in the 1930s, it is refreshing to see Warren's focus on the quite different problems of the Socialist Party.

Most useful is Warren's implicit recasting of the radical's dilemma. He shows that "utopian" politics is not necessarily futile and that sacrificing one's principles to expediency does not necessarily make one more effective. But there is more to be said. The appropriate balance between long-term goals and short-term possibilities depends on how well the two can be connected. I wish that Warren had let himself speculate on what the Socialists might have done, and had not been quite so concerned with defending them from their scholarly critics. To be sure, such a request means asking the historian to go beyond his craft. But Warren makes no secret of his political sympathies. Presumably he studies the Socialist Party so that Socialists in the 1970s will not repeat the errors of Socialists in the 1930s. An explication of the lessons might be in order.

For example, I am struck by the lack of congruence between the Socialists' tactical concerns and their ultimate objectives. Much effort was expended on the question of whether the party and individual Socialists should ally themselves with the American Labor Party in New York. Much was written on the proper role of Socialists in labor unions, and indeed this issue was a major source of division between the 1920s "Old Guard" and the newer Thomas faction in the party. Much internecine warfare was carried on over the issue of communism and its manifestations abroad, notably in the Moscow trials and in the Spanish Civil War. It is not clear to me how all of these questions related to the attainment of socialism.

In short—and in retrospect—the party seemed to lack a program for the transition to socialism. I do not mean simply a platform or immediate demands, which they had plenty of. A Socialist program should propose reforms that are both practical and directly related to longer-term goals. An example is workers' control. According to Warren, the Socialists believed in a "workers' state," in economic democracy as a necessary complement to political democracy. But then surely the party ought to have advocated measures to implement partial workers' control right then. It was not a new idea. The Guild Socialists in England already had proposed the strategy of "encroaching control," and it's surprising that the American Socialists weren't quicker to pick up this kind of proposal. Seen in retrospect, the important labor issue was not the question of how much to support the AFL but what programs the AFL or any other union group would in fact work on with the Socialists.

The same point holds for the Socialists' collaboration with other parties. The debate focused on two things: whether or not the parties in question were "old-style" capitalist, and who the candidates were. Never, apparently, did they focus on programmatic questions. And if they had, one suspects the issues would have been quantitative—how much—more than qualitative. Thus Thomas shows the similarity between the Socialist platform and that of the Democrats, as quoted here by Warren: "Socialists had demanded the thirty-hour week in industry; the workers got a thirty-five or forty-hour week in most of the codes. . . . Socialists had demanded at least ten billion dollars for public works and direct unemployment relief; the country all together got some $3,800,000,000 in federal appropriations for this end. Socialists had demanded an end of sweat-shops and child labor; the country got the abolition of the worst of sweat-shop conditions under the codes, and of child labor in the factories. . . ."

Thomas went on to explain that the "essential thing" about the Socialist platform is its purpose—taking power "away from private owners of productive goods" —rather than its immediate demands. But where is the blueprint for a transition to this goal? No program for gradual public acquisition of parts of the economy, for decentralizing economic ownership, for building alternative economic institutions, for expanding the sphere of workers' power?

One cannot be too hard on the Socialist Party. Times were different, and the collapse of capitalism seemed much more imminent, I suspect, than it ever has during my lifetime. But surely the issues of how to advocate a peaceful transition to socialism persist in the 1970s. Positive proposals are the only means the Left now has to influence the course of events and thereby to break out of its isolation. They provide a way, too, of bridging the gap between idle theorizing and crackpot realism. If the proposals are good enough, it won't make much difference whether we work to implement them "within the system" for the moment or instead choose the route taken by Norman Thomas and the Socialist Party. □

A Book of Friendship

PROUST AND HIS WORLD. *By William Sansom. Charles Scribner's Sons. 128 pp. 145 illustrations. $7.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

> The sanitation men of the Sixteenth [Arrondissement] extend their best wishes for 1975 and hope that the New Year will be rewarding to you in all your affairs.

A little before Christmas everyone got a card like this in the part of Paris where I live, not more than a couple of kilometers from Marcel Proust's birthplace in Auteuil. Whatever the motives of the senders, the effect was gracious. My *quartier*—Passy-La Muette—is a hive of authentic *grands seigneurs*, small shopkeepers, concierges, artisans, blatant newly rich, and those eminently self-respecting working-class people who seem peculiar to France: exactly like the hive in which Proust spent almost all his life, only a couple of kilometers in another direction from the room in which I was delighted and irritated by Mr. Sansom's book—a hive like mine in which all those

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disparate elements (except, of course, most of the newly rich) showed and show one another exemplary cordiality and courtesy. The card came from the men who spend their mornings on the garbage trucks and their afternoons cleaning the streets by hand, with besoms that they poke among and under the tightly parked Bentleys and baby Fiats and battered 2CVs and Maseratis (the motorcycles and the *mobylettes* and the bicycles are always kept on the sidewalk, sometimes locked, sometimes not). Thinking back to all the other places where one has lived since before Proust's death in 1922, one recognizes that today his world must seem unbelievable, indeed impossible, to virtually anyone outside France.

Books like this, then—and there have been several about Proust in the past couple of years, so that one has every reason to cry *déjà vu* at many of the pictures—have a very real reason for being, whatever the obvious potential for abuse (too often they turn out to be not books but coffee-table merchandise that even Mme Verdurin would have scorned). Mr. Sansom's is a particularly troublesome specimen, because it is so good and so bad.

Generally one prefers to get the bad out of the way first—and I do not mean the familiarity of some of the pictures, which one is always glad to see again. It is always disappointing, however often one experiences it, to find how sloppily a good English novelist can write and how treacly his sentiments can be when he sets his mind to it. Sansom's text is too often as mawkish and as prissy as that monopolistic, inadequate and often inaccurate translation of Proust by Scott-Moncrieff that Sansom so incontinently praises and so many others deplore (it is quoted in this book, with a passage directly contradictory of the Pléiade edition). Scott-Moncrieff was a very Victorian prude, and Proust, whatever his private habits may have been, was a bold and virile stylist, of whom his translator gives a totally false impression (bowdlerized, to boot). Indeed, I have learned that I am far from being the only Proustolater who originally was driven away by Scott-Moncrieff and could never read Proust until he had enough French to start really learning the language from Proust. And only an Englishman can equate Proust's narrator's mother with Mrs. Darling in *Peter Pan*. Nor should patient readers have to suffer the impoverished newspaper banalities that pass for colorful writing, such as Sansom's reference to Proust's rich friends as "the moneyed jet-set of the period." Mercy forbids one to dwell on such curious imagery as the racing driver (Proust loved cars—good cars—and planes) and his artistry with "the organ pedals of the gears": Proust was not given to riding in the Model T.

On balance, one is well rewarded for one's tolerance. First of all, Sansom knows (as so many scholars seem not to know) how infinitely rich was Proust's humor, and it is always good to see the matter mentioned again. One is stimulated by Sansom's insights into snobbery and its uses and, above all, into the peculiar attraction that the exclusive exercises on the excluded; one is shocked, then sobered, by his lesson that the new seven- and eight-story buildings of turn-of-the-century Paris were the same "tasteless modern banalities" that the Hilton and the Tour Maine-Montparnasse and the dreadful "luxury" apartment houses are today.

What dominates this book is its author's friendship for a man he never knew—an affection utterly comprehensible, as is his reverence (the word is not an exaggeration, nor is the sentiment) for the artist and his feeling for his world. Moreover, he recognizes—and respects—the child that lived in Proust until the end. Sansom, too, has the wit as well as the discretion to refer the reader elsewhere for biographies of Proust: his little work is no more than an appreciation, and that is in itself a great deal.

While many of the pictures in this book are familiar, many too are new, at least to me (and I devour Proustiana gluttonously). Some of the most useful have nothing directly to do with Proust but everything to do with the worlds that were his: the childhood one in the country, beyond Chartres, and the adult one in Paris. One might suppose, since one cannot drive down this or that Paris street, even for the *nth* time, or pass a given kind of *hôtel particulier* or courtyard without thinking of Proust's connection with it or with one exactly like it, that there would be no new pleasure in pictures of them; but one would be wrong. As for the pictures of persons and occasions and things made, they have been chosen with singular good judgment, so that this little book comes alive in one's hands and remains in one's memory. Above all, it lacks the commercial tone.

It is equipped with a brief but sound bibliographical note and the usual chronology (rather better than most Proust chronologies) and index. By no means the book's least attribute is a brief and admittedly incomplete (no doubt controversial, too) table of sources for some of Proust's characters. □

Report from Darkest America

SUPERPOWER: A Portrait of the United States in the 1970's. *By Robert Hargreaves. St. Martin's Press. 628 pp. $10.95.*

ANTHONY GRONOWICZ

The jacket blurb says: "Robert Hargreaves has been the American correspondent for the British television network ITV since 1969, and in that capacity he has traveled over 150,000 miles in the United States during the past four years." In the preface the author tells us that he is "not an historian, or a philosopher, or any sort of ideologue—just a reporter"; and he intrigues the reader when he thanks "Bill Watts, formerly of Dr. Kissinger's staff and now president of Potomac Associates, who made available to me advance copies of Potomac's own publications," and who also was available for "advice and countless hours of discussions on American affairs."

Thumbing through the table of contents, we can see that the book is divided into six sections, ambitiously entitled: Environments, Work, Constitution, World Scene, Communications, and Society. Then comes the text. On the first page we read the following: "By the nineteenth century, the true pioneers had been joined by another, even greater tide of uprooted people—the flotsam of Europe." The tone has been set.

To divide 17th- and 18th-century immigration (English and black) from 19th-century immigration (Irish, Italian, Jewish and Polish) by collectively lumping the latter together as "flotsam" is to divide the population along ethnic as opposed to class lines. The reason for doing this is to promote horizontal division rather than vertical vision. By this I mean that in the course of 628 pages Hargreaves perpetuates many ethnic stereotypes about many Americans while simultaneously soothing us as to the functions and intentions of the wealthiest members of our society. We are left with the political conclusion that we ought to entrust our real wages and our futures to philanthropists on the scale of Nelson Rockefeller since he is, after all, too rich to corrupt.

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Hargreaves' intent in writing this book might very well have been to enlighten his English and American readers about conditions here. In that case, the gross ethnic characterizations he offers do not serve his intentions. Rather, they foster misunderstanding and a false consciousness of our social problems. If taken seriously, these distortions serve to sow divisions among those whose active participation is crucial to a just redistribution of wealth and power within American society.

To consider the 25 million Americans of Italian descent within the context of "The Mob" is disgraceful. This Sambo-like vignette is illustrative: ". . . he kept an array of cheap plaster statues of saints on his bedroom dresser—for the Mafia leaders are, as often as not, devout and regular churchgoers. He personally cooked the spaghetti. . . . Few would have guessed he was . . . a ruthless killer."

Nor does Hargreaves mince any words with America's 25 million blacks.

"The black urban family is in the process of disintegration."

"The anger of black Americans . . . has only peripheral connections with their economic status or with their professional standing in society."

"For the black, the problem goes back to its historical roots . . . to . . . slavery, a process which . . . wiped out all pride in his ancestry and all knowledge of his ethnic origins. . . . The result has been a catastrophe for the black family and the black community as a whole. . . ."

These remarks are presented without any supporting evidence. They demonstrate a method of analysis that leans heavily on descriptive assertion. Hence, the following:

> *Because* [my italics] a ghetto child cannot learn to read, he begins not to care, he withdraws from the system, regards his teachers with hostility and eventually develops an angry and aggressive attitude towards an alien outside world. Sooner or later, he becomes a dropout, full of self-hate and useless to society. . . . They are not able to learn to read at school. . . . The reason, in most cases, is that they come from nonverbal households. . . . Adults speak to the child in monosyllables.

Besides being wrong and racist, this is nursery-rhyme reasoning: "For want of a shoe the horse was lost, for want of a horse the kingdom was lost. . . ."

When his negative treatment of blacks and Italians is contrasted with his positive treatment of the "Super-Rich," we see how Hargreaves means to obscure our vertical vision and divert us from an awareness of who rules America. As the Rockefeller-Kissinger-Chilean dictator Pinochet axis is well known by now, it is instructive to contrast the reality of this chain of command with the purported reality Hargreaves presents concerning the existence of a ruling class.

> The uneven distribution of wealth has led to an enduring myth, profoundly cherished by reforming sociologists, that the American plutocracy is a distinct and separate class. . . .
>
> The American plutocracy today does not act as a homogeneous mass. It consists just as much of creators of wealth as it does inheritors; it has been largely succeeded in influence by a new generation of industrial bureaucrats who today wield the real levers of power in America.

In the first place, a ruling group is a ruling class even if it does not always act as a "homogeneous mass," and because Hargreaves does not root in a social context a concept like this but instead generalizes, his observations are impressionistic and not scientific. Secondly, the American plutocracy created no wealth. Wealth is created by labor power. American industrialists came to own the products of other people's labor through specific historical circumstances, which Hargreaves briefly mentions in passing but quite fails to integrate into his assessment of the contemporary distribution of power. And finally, although industrial bureaucrats are in a position of authority, the real question is what they do with the power they wield. The answer is clear and has always been. They act in the interests of the ruling class.

The fact that the U.S. Congress holds legislative power does not mean that its members will act against the interests of the American plutocracy, to which a number of them belong, and on behalf of the mass of the American public. If Congress should some time in the distant future effectively challenge the power of the plutocracy to control the destinies of most Americans, there is no reason to suppose that it would not suffer the same fate as that which befell the few remaining liberal South American legislatures, barbarically replaced by military dictatorships which can be counted upon to act in the interests of the financial oligarchy of their own countries and the United States.

Although he devotes considerable space to the "shylocking" of the Mafia, as he puts it, Hargreaves finds no room for the gargantuan exploitation of the public conducted by the banking establishment which plunders the public treasuries of whole cities through interest charged on loans to build and maintain municipal enterprises. This is surely of more substantive importance and more revealing of the workings of American society than the Catholic spaghetti eater previously cited.

In his "Big Apple" chapter on New York City, Hargreaves conveniently ignores the fact that New York City politicians have traditionally acted as middlemen siphoning funds from most New Yorkers to the city's banking establishment. The people of that city have already paid more to the banks in interest on loans made to the subway system than it has cost to build that entire system. At present, in excess of $150 million in interest charges is paid annually to the banks. And this is only for the subways, and only in New York City. Multiply that figure by the total number of municipal enterprises in New York, times all the cities and towns in the nation, times all else finance capital is preying upon, times what corporate capital extorts for necessary goods and services in the entire nation, and you will get a picture of "shylocking" that renders the Mafia insignificant.

> While they are thus far from dying out, and indeed remain as wealthy as ever, the American super-rich today . . . are no longer the immensely powerful social and political forces they once were. . . .
>
> Today they are the irrelevant, if interesting survivors of an earlier epoch. Howard Hughes and J. Paul Getty, the Mellons and the duPonts, can all be safely left in luxurious seclusion, symbols of another age.

A book could be written refuting these two paragraphs. The assessment they present is thoroughly misleading, and suggests that the author had not heard of Watergate, nor used Rockefeller, Getty or Mellon oil, nor been to Wilmington recently. □

EAST SEQUIM BAY

Winter slipped into the bay
with hunters' shots.
The sky turned grey;
white-bodied ducks
flew like ragged paper
against the blue hills;
the dogs grew sleepy
on the porch,
while in the radio's static,
I heard reports of storms
over the deep, northern seas.

Winter closes on us.
Trees shake at night.
The cabin roof
becomes a muted drum.
A weakened bird
plunges
from the slate sky.

John Sollid

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AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO READERS OF *THE NATION* FROM LAWRENCE S. PHILLIPS, PRESIDENT, PHILLIPS-VAN HEUSEN CORPORATION.

ANSWERING THE THREE CHARGES MADE BY THE AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA IN THE PAID ADVERTISEMENT OPPOSITE.

1. UNIONIZATION AND EARNINGS

The ACWA has charged that the Phillips-Van Heusen Corporation is "anti-union".

The following unions represent various employees of our Corporation:

International Ladies Garment Workers—AFL-CIO
International Brotherhood of Teamsters
United Garment Workers—AFL-CIO
Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America—AFL-CIO

All divisions of the Phillips-Van Heusen Corporation have bargained in good faith with any union that has the legal support of the majority of our employees.

For seventeen years the employees of certain Southern plants of the Van Heusen Division have emphatically rejected representation by the ACWA in NLRB supervised elections (most recently in 1974).

The earnings of our Southern workers are comparable to prevailing union and non-union regional earnings in our industry.

By the 1940's Van Heusen, needing more production, expanded its facilities into the South while continuing its seminal factories in Pennsylvania. In most of the towns where Van Heusen has factories, the community, its merchants, services, and people rely substantially on Van Heusen and its payroll as a prime source of revenue.

2. TWENTY YEAR RECORD OF UNFAIR LABOR PRACTICES

The ACWA has charged that we have a "twenty-year record of unfair labor practices".

The facts belie the accusation. Since the beginning of the current campaign begun by the ACWA in the summer of 1973, the union has filed eleven unfair labor charges. Almost all have contained allegations that Van Heusen discriminates against employees because of their union activities. Each charge of discrimination has been fully investigated and dismissed by the National Labor Relations Board, except for one involving our facility in Ozark, Alabama. This charge involves the discharge of one person and the case has yet to be finally determined or even litigated. We are confident that when the investigation is concluded the Company will once again be exonerated.

Since the ACWA began their current campaign in the summer of 1973, they have filed three charges against the Company alleging unlawful terminations of employees. However, after investigation of those charges, the NLRB found the terminations were actually resignations or discharges for justifiable and necessary reasons. The NLRB dismissed those charges and was upheld by the General Counsel in Washington.

An accusation in the ACWA's advertisement, which relates to the settlement of charges against our Company, is maligning and untrue. We have posted notices stating that the Company does not condone unlawful threats and coercion, nor will it engage in such conduct. The ACWA ad would have you believe that the posting of notices by the Company is tantamount to an admission of guilt. This is not true. The posting of these notices by the Company is a commonly used legal method of eliminating expensive and extensive litigation and in no way implies or admits wrong doing. Indeed, the NLRB will not allow, or be a party to, informal settlements of unfair labor practice charges, except where they determine that the conduct is isolated and is not a part of a sustained or repeated pattern of violation of the law.

3. THE GREATEST THREAT...IMPORTS

The ACWA has charged that Van Heusen is a major importer of shirts and sport shirts.

Despite automation, and the current recession, there are substantially more Americans employed in Van Heusen factories today than there were ten years ago.

Van Heusen imports only 10% to 15% of its requirements of shirts and sport shirts. This compares to the total industry which imports over 35% of its requirements.

Van Heusen imports less than 1% of the total quantity of shirts and sport shirts imported into the United States.

The ACWA is not organizing boycott activities against any of the major importers of shirts and sport shirts, i.e., Sears, Penney, Montgomery-Ward, Korvettes, K-Mart, etc., or against any of the importing manufacturers who are organized by the ACWA, such as Arrow, Manhattan, and McGregor.

We assume from the selectivity of their current boycott activities that the real purpose of the ACWA's campaign is to coerce the management of Van Heusen to require its employees to join this union against their will.

WE STATE WITHOUT EQUIVOCATION THAT THE VAN HEUSEN MANAGEMENT HAS AND WILL NEGOTIATE WITH ANY UNION REPRESENTATIVES IF AND WHEN IT IS AUTHORIZED TO DO SO BY THE EMPLOYEES AFTER A NLRB SUPERVISED SECRET BALLOT ELECTION. THE CHOICE BELONGS TO THE WORKERS ALONE, BY LAW AND CONSCIENCE. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES WILL WE TAKE FROM OUR EMPLOYEES THEIR INDIVIDUAL RIGHT OF FREE CHOICE AND FORCE THEM TO JOIN THE ACWA AGAINST THEIR WILL.

We will be happy to supplement this abbreviated response with completely detailed fact sheets if you will write to me and request it.

Sincerely,
LAWRENCE S. PHILLIPS
President
Phillips-Van Heusen Corporation
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, New York 10019

(Advertisement)

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Hypocrisy:

A businessman named Lawrence S. Phillips, president of the Phillips Van Heusen Company, has been identified with liberal and humanitarian causes in the New York community where he lives. He is a member of a number of progressive civic organizations and is known to contribute to liberal causes.

But in his business life Mr. Phillips seems to be a different person. He heads a large company with many shirt plants. Before he became president his company had been used to dealing with unions representing its workers in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. In the past 30 years, however, unionism in Van Heusen's shirt division has come to a dead halt.

Is it because Mr. Phillips — the enlightened businessman — treats his workers so well?

Hardly. His non-union workers earn substantially less than union workers in the shirt industry.

Then how does he do it?

First, by locating new plants in small towns in the deep South (Mississippi, Arkansas, Alabama), where the trade union movement is weak — and wages are normally low.

Second, by a 20-year record of unfair labor practices, such as firing union sympathizers, threatening to close his plants if the union is voted in, making it appear that his workers are under surveillance, and other forms of intimidation. Time and again, in agreement with the National Labor Relations Board, to settle charges against his company Phillips has rehired workers illegally fired, and agreed not to commit other illegal activities. (For a complete record of Lawrence Phillips and the NLRB, write to the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, address below.)

Third, in recent years — the greatest threat of all — Phillips has been buying his shirts in such low-wage nations as Hong Kong (50¢ an hour) and now Taiwan (25¢ an hour). Not content with exploiting his workers in the United States, he is now exploiting workers in the Far East as well. (And exploiting customers, too, because low-wage Van Heusen shirts sell at standard U.S. prices.)

The history of U.S. industry is full of employers who exploited workers — and there are also a few examples of employers who took enlightened positions on national issues. But Lawrence Phillips may be unique by doing both.

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA, AFL-CIO

15 Union Square, New York, New York 10003
A UNION OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN IN:
MEN'S AND BOYS' SUITS OVERCOATS PAJAMAS SHIRTS
LEISURE WEAR SPORTSWEAR OUTERWEAR CHILDREN'S WEAR
WORK CLOTHES UNIFORMS NECKWEAR GLOVES

(Advertisement)

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ARCHITECTURE / JANE HOLTZ KAY

More plagues than afflicted the ancient Egyptians have vexed our architecture on celluloid this season—fire, wind and water have raged, and the very earth has been split asunder in *Earthquake* and *The Towering Inferno*, two disaster melodramas of some notoriety. Never has the United States built so much as in the decade past and now, epic-style, Hollywood is telling us that we have violated the eleventh commandment: Thou shalt not overbuild. For our sins, movieland has chosen to reduce the landscape to rubble in *Earthquake* and to engulf a glistening skyscraper in flames in *The Towering Inferno*. In both cases, a cast of thousands, as they say, perishes in excruciating and gratuitous detail. Thanks to Hollywood, the high rises are crackling like demented candlesticks. And if the assault on eyes and ears isn't enough, *Earthquake* adds "Sensurround" to pound the decibels into the moviegoer's stomach.

Sure enough, life imitates art (or craft, at any rate). First at the World Trade Center and phone company in New York, then on March 12 at a Seattle hotel, real fires have added to the sense of architectural doom—or would do so if the explainers weren't so hard at work to quell our fear of the flames. For the press has played down the message with which Hollywood gussied out its otherwise vapid products and lost a fine chance to ring the alarm.

Homing in on errors of detail (no, no, gas lines are never placed near elevators, say the apologists), and ignoring the too true premises (that fire fighters cannot fight above 7 or 8 stories, the length of the traditional hose and ladder; that seismologists tell us no steel-framed modern high rise can withstand an earthquake, and so forth), they have ignored the chance to publicize dangers well-documented in the architectural and engineering press over the last three or four years. (One architecture writer told me he sloughed off the reality of the first threat in the article he wrote about *The Towering Inferno* because the fakey film irritated him.) Hackneyed plots and caricatures might overwhelm anyone's appreciation of the real danger. So might such foolishnesses as Charlton Heston as "the world's greatest engineer" crawling to the rescue on his belly in a tunnel that his professional savvy suggests must be there, or architect Paul Newman tinkering about the innards of his gossamer tower like a child with an Erector set. Hammer-and-nail design went out with the log cabin, alas for us all.

Hollywood has always had it in for architecture—perhaps because the fantastical mausoleums affixed to their moguls' pools bear so little link to any genuine notion of design. Even if you pardon the fact that Francis of *Francis and the Talking Mule* was the first architect to make it on TV or that Apple of *Apple's Way* never practices, can you forgive architect Charles Bronson for using a gun like a drafting pen in *Death Wish*? With that computer-lined office and a house decorated like a Holiday Inn reject, Bronson is a disgrace to his profession (never mind his shoot-'em-up foibles). One sighs at the remoteness of architectural aspirations from Hollywood's dream factory.

One must take cheer, then, when the industry serves the human-made environment. More than the film makers suspect, the quick carnage in the movie sets re-enacts the carnage kindled by the slapdash construction, ill-planned siting and shoddy materials that eat away the real environment at a slightly, just slightly, slower pace. All the built world's a movie set these days—showy façade and pasteboard. The films merely accelerate the decay built into high rises with their twenty-year life spans and the houses put up like dikes *against* rather than *with* the natural world.

In *Earthquake*, houses slide, façades crack and crumble, signs topple, buildings of stone heap into rubble, freeways curl like spaghetti, electric poles snap, a concrete dam of Ice Age proportions collapses. Meanwhile, off-screen and invisible, these things happen at a more modest pace in our newer buildings. Does anyone doubt it? Within 5 miles of where I sit, a new high rise has generated wind currents that make waves in the coffee cups next door, as that earlier multi-story structure is set swaying. Meanwhile, still a third new high rise was inundated with water two months ago when "the gutters broke" and rain flooded through the supposedly sealed windows. This, mind you, is new construction. Every city has like tales. Paper-thin is more than a cliché; it is a synonym for our quarter-century. With architecture like this who needs an earthquake? It is merely in a movie that "built for life" becomes irony. More power to Hollywood if special effects make us feel the fragility of the built world and the tenuous hold of our architecture on the landscape.

In *The Towering Inferno* the disaster is less epic—a calamity in a chimney: electrical systems fail, alarms don't ring, rags catch fire and the guts of a high rise become a jungle gym for would-be escapees surrounded by fire like circus lions in their rings of flames. This is more truly frightening than an earthquake because it is more likely. Every human whose hand reaches for an elevator's heat-sensitive call button must at least gain from the movie a realization that fire could activate those elevators. Despite some attention to this particular problem, fire fighters still caution the public to avoid this habitual mode of egress from multi-story buildings. Again, as in art, so in life, sprinkler systems fail, or worse still, never get installed—witness the World Trade Center. Compartmentalization is ignored in the wide-open flexible spaces of new architecture. "You know there's no way of fighting these things above the 7th floor," says Steve McQueen who devotes most of the movie to doing his high-wire best to prove the opposite. Fully dressed, a fire fighter carrying an extinguisher can travel a floor a minute—providing stairs are clear. It is too little too late, and the results in the news picture of a São Paulo fire two or three years ago are as horrifying as anything in the film. Yet we continue to build as if the fire fighter's ladder reached to the sky.

Life also goes beyond art: the film does not suggest that a wastebasket fire can be fatal when there are no open windows to allow smoke to escape. (A fringe benefit of both films, however, is that they show that sealed windows are not impenetrable—both epics delight in heaving chairs through the glass of our office cages.) Nor does the film touch on the firemen's fear of the fumes released from the burning plastics and synthetics that stuff our offices: rugs, chair fabrics, drapes are made of deadly materials and efforts to legislate against even the most toxic of them have thus far failed. Smoke and gas kill more than heat and flame and our potential towering infernos ignore that too.

The heavies in Hollywood's view are human greed and lax building codes. The latter, weak codes, make a convenient scapegoat. In fact, our building codes are at once too weak and too strong. They are anarchical, varying from state to state; and archaic, the relic of a pre-plastic, pre-high-rise era. The state of the art of research is so low and the yardsticks are so antiquated—based on measurement of properties (e.g., thickness of wallboard) rather than on the performance of these properties under stress—that simply to ask for greater rigor and enforcement is an architectural version of seeking law and order through tougher cops. Methods of testing fire-retardant materials are dubious, to cite one example; and research as a whole is usually perverted by the commercial manufacturers who perform it. We know so

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little about how either materials or engineering work in practice—not to mention human behavior under stress—and the amount and quality of research is so bad that blaming building codes for not enforcing such a dubious output is ridiculous.

As for human avarice, it is always a good and proper villain. Realtors and developers, the last entrepreneurs, operate in a trade ruled by the bottom line. But it is, as ever, a larger social indifference that enables them to pinch and scrimp as they do, on film and in life. The real demon has many legs rather than a single pair—though one can't blame Hollywood, I suppose, for casting Richard Chamberlain here instead of a centipede. □

TELEVISION

PETER SOURIAN

Ever since Hitler taught us how gravely anti-Jewish the West is, we have been acting as if we weren't. Where did all that anti-Jewish feeling go? If it didn't vanish harmlessly into thin air in 1945 after all those centuries, there's a possibility that it has been repressed. Now that oil and blacklisting are at issue, opportunists may find a resurgence of anti-Jewish feeling opportune.

During all that time when the anti-Jewishness of the West seemed so extraordinarily nonexistent, one heard exaggeratedly little here of Arab points of view regarding Israel. Until they showed strength in the recent Yom Kippur war, the tendency was to dismiss Arabs as dirty, stupid and irresponsible. One does not like to think how much Arab resentment of the overbearing West (starting with the British) has built up over the decades, nor to what extent the Jew, that scapegoat for all seasons, is to play his role again—this time not as exotic toad in the garden of Western "civilization" but as a Western thorn in the side of the Middle East.

It is in such an atmosphere, following the breakdown of Kissinger's shuttle, that the seven-part series, *Arabs and Israelis*, Public Television's attempt at a balanced view, is being rerun (Sunday evenings and Monday mornings, but not yet in New York for reasons of schedule). The two co-producers, Zvi Dor-Ner and Mohammed Salmawy—an Israeli and an Egyptian respectively, each of them patriotic—met on neutral ground in Geneva to hash out the editing of their film just before it was flown here week by week to be shown first time around.

The series is uniquely suited to the medium. It's a documentary, but at the same time it's news. Yet it's the kind of news that would fall flat in a newspaper, for, as executive producer Peter McGhee says, carving out TV turf in a competitive dig, "We listened for softer voices; we assume the press will continue to report violent voices."

What would be a cliché in a news story (i.e., war is insane; ordinary people always lose by it) becomes utterly compelling even to the most tired householder home from work, opening the set and coming on intercut shots of the bereaved families of Egyptian and Israeli war dead. On camera, the old message is new, happening as it is for the first time to these particular parents. Watching this humanity, one unexpectedly senses here something of the great emotional realism of 19th-century novels. Conrad, after all, defined his task as being, before all, "to make you *see*. That—and no more, and it is everything." It took great novelists to make us see the ordinary faces, the obvious tears. The virtue of this series, then, as with much of the best of TV, lies in its subordination to largely ordinary people who are in, to them, important situations.

So here it is, as plain as the Civil Code language of Stendhal, as popular and peopled as in Balzac, as natural if complex as Tolstoy. There's the shy smile of the Egyptian Adm. Farouk El Sheikh as he sits on his porch and tells you that the Pharaohs had turquoise mines in the Sinai 7,000 years ago, and intercut with that is the Israeli Gen. Uri Ben Ari telling you that the emptiness of that same peninsula makes it an ideal place for battles. There's Hannah Meron, the Israeli actress who'd had a leg blown off by a young terrorist in Munich after making eye contact with him (she found him attractive) and who then went on to rehearse the violence of *Medea* in the light of that experience. She now says with desperate optimism, "It could be a marvelous place, this horrible Middle East. It must be possible, there's no sense any other way."

In the segment, "Jerusalem," we follow an Arab and an Israeli, the Israeli trying to reassure the Arab by saying to the camera, "Haven't they ever seen an Arab and a Jew walk together before?" There's edginess, caution, anger, real civility, along with innate affinity and similarity of values. One sees such things in the stiffness of a back at an awkward remark, while the face remains polite; in a sudden relaxation of the eyes behind steel-rimmed spectacles; in the human and forgetful eagerness to please in one voice and a momentary trace of responsiveness in the other, followed by compensatory intransigence on a petty point.

One comes away saddened by life, angered by rights, principles, laws, for which people are again going to have to die. Certainly TV has made one *see* emotional reality. Yet TV has its real dangers, commensurate with this power to make us see. This has to do with the question of facts, especially because the format of the TV news documentary easily becomes grandiose. In this case, the executive producer of *Arabs and Israelis* makes a disclaimer, saying, "We have not tried to review all aspects of the question, or to suggest who is right or who is wrong." Yet the question is being treated, and the effect of this treatment is bound to be important.

Peter Sourian, a novelist, teaches English at Bard College.

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The universal emotional appeal of the first segments seems to have mollified some initially worried Jewish-American groups about the series as a whole, but I feel that in the later segments historical facts become crucially important, and yet are not adequately presented. Here, TV is still far behind both the best in the American newspaper tradition and the tradition of academic scholarship. Considering the assertive power of the medium and the generally passive tendency of viewers, along with the potentially anti-Jewish pressures of the moment, the executive producer had a responsibility to situate his current story in a sounder historical context that was not relieved by the disclaimer.

It is in segments five and six, concerning the Palestinians, that the danger seems to me most apparent. Among other omissions, we have no reference to the Jewish cooperation in 1947 with the U.N. Special Committee while the Arabs boycotted it, no reference to the subsequent General Assembly resolution agreed to by the Israelis and refused by the Arabs which would have established a Palestinian state alongside Israel, no reference to the unsuccessful attack on Israel by five Arab nations the same week it was recognized as a state by the USSR as well as the United States. Without such details of the inception of the state of Israel in 1948, uninformed viewers—most viewers—may come away with a distorted, anti-Israel slant, compounded of a dangerous mixture of ignorance and understandable pity for the Palestinians.

Though I don't sense this to be willful on the part of the makers, things do fall out that way, partly because, while a number of the Israelis interviewed on the subject bend over backward to be even-handedly just rather than partisan (notably several professors from Hebrew University), their Palestinian counterparts don't do this at all. The net effect is to suggest that maybe the Israelis have something to feel guilty about, whereas the Palestinians do not. Generally speaking, the Western intellectual tradition exemplified by these Israeli professors is not balanced by a comparable detachment on the part of the Palestinians.

Believing, as I do, that circumstances are riper for resurgent anti-Jewish feeling than at any time since 1945, I must report that the power of the medium combined with its youth makes for a kind of innocent irresponsibility that warrants wariness. □

THE ESCAPE OF THE CONVICT

As dawn broke over Frog Mountain
the police dogs sprang from their kennels
of straw and lost themselves in the glassy
rills at the base of slate cliffs.
By now he had peeled off the striped
uniform of his long years and arrived
at a shack near tree-line dressed in work
clothes left by the resistance.

The shack glared on the slope
like a mirror among pine needles,
and the pond's eye winked in the blue
spruce like a woman he had known
all his life but had never, somehow,
touched with a white zeal.

James Reiss

MUSIC

DAVID HAMILTON

The poems of Walt Whitman bulk large in the American experience, but musical settings of comparable resonance have been few, especially in forms larger than the song. Delius' *Sea Drift* is usually with us, at least in the shape of recordings from England, although Coleridge-Taylor's choral rhapsody on the same text seems to have sunk without a trace. "Drum Taps" has served as source (as well as title) for choral works by Bryson, Hanson, Loeffler and (in German translation) Othmar Schoeck, but I have encountered none of them in performance.

When Paul Hindemith, then living in America, wished to commemorate Franklin Roosevelt and the dead of World War II, Whitman's great threnody for Lincoln, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," became *A Requiem for Those We Love*—an ambitious but square and dry score, the rich variety of Whitman's lines shoehorned into confining regularities of meter. But the centrality of the subject, as well as the poem's masterful economy (at least in Whitmanesque terms), was certain on some occasion to attract a more sympathetic musical garment. This has now happened, and perhaps the most fitting observation to be made of Roger Sessions' cantata on *Lilacs* is that it is worthy of the poem and the national tragedy that occasioned it, and also of the grimly parallel events of 1968 that led the composer to select his text. Dedicated to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert F. Kennedy, *Lilacs* was commissioned by the University of California at Berkeley to commemorate its centenary, and first played there on May 23, 1971. The long-delayed East Coast première took place this March 24 at Harvard University's Sanders Theatre, under the generous auspices of the university's Music Department and the Fromm Music Foundation. Michael Senturia conducted the admirable Harvard University Choir (prepared by John Ferris) and an excellent orchestra; the soloists were Diana Hoagland, soprano; D'Anna Fortunato, mezzo-soprano, and Alan Baker, baritone.

It was an evening of eloquence. To begin with, obviously, the poet's eloquence. But perhaps that is not so obvious; one can rarely these days take for granted that a musical setting will directly transmit the beauty of poetry's more apparent and familiar facets. Many 20th-century modes of setting text sacrifice one or more dimensions of poetic significance—not always without countervailing rewards, to be sure—and Sessions' broad embrace of Whitman is surely a significant measure of his love and respect for the poetry. The music is so intimately bound up with, and firmly reflective of, Whitman's sounds, words, lines and stanzas that the communication is extraordinarily direct: nearly all of the words were quite easily intelligible even without the printed text.

The orchestra, not a small one, is used sparingly and tellingly, weaving a fabric of tonal images to match Whitman's celebrated leitmotifs of lilac, star and thrush, and spreading out an elastic rhythmic motion that marvelously adjusts itself to the ever changing length of the lines. The stanzas are grouped into three musical sections: an Introduction comprises Whitman's sections 1-4; a larger movement reaches to section 13, and the remainder, centered upon the "carol of death" (a powerful solo for contralto), then passes through a brief but vivid depiction of war into the elegiac close.

The manner is that of Sessions' recent work—harmonically subtle, rhythmically fluid and complex—yet pared closer to essentials than ever before, the musical discourse disciplined by the text to that knife-edge balance between the two so rarely achieved in our century. For forty-five minutes—and then once again, with undiminished effect, for the concert consisted of two complete performances of the cantata—the capacity audience at Sanders was drawn into that special unity that is created by a profound and solemn new musical experience. From the response of the performers themselves, I would judge *Lilacs* a rewarding (although difficult) work to present, and I strongly urge it upon others, for there are few more moving works in the vocal literature. □

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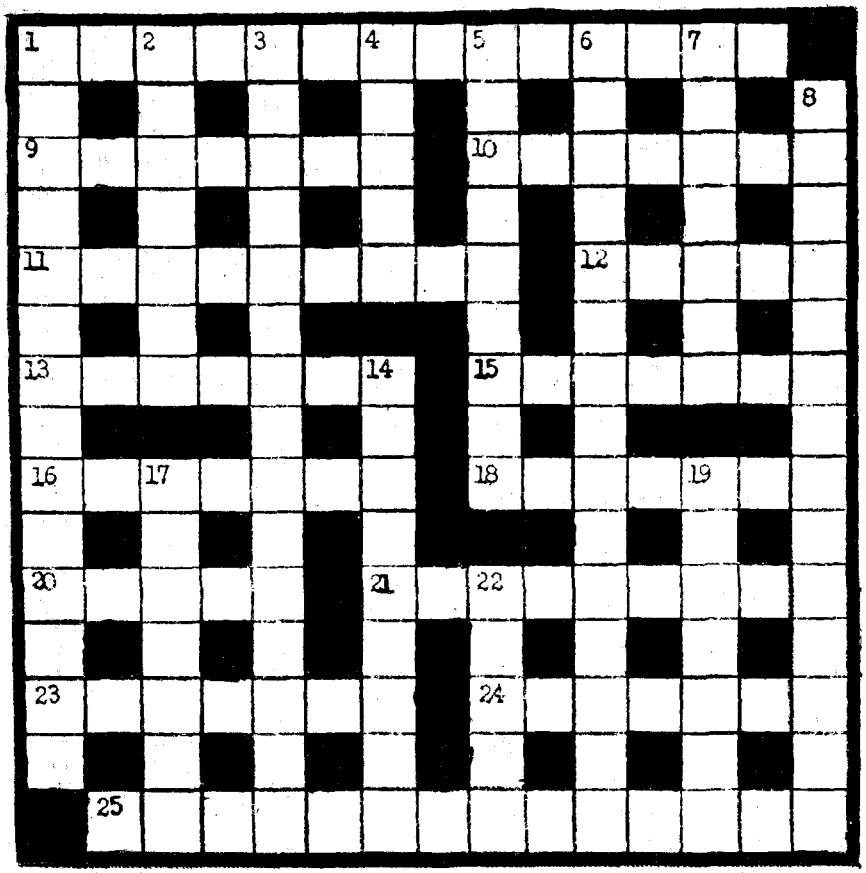
Crossword Puzzle No. 1581

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Your collection of English grammar books might, so be quiet! (4,4,6)
9 Some error about the measure of wine? (7)
10 His dictation took some time to take down. (7)
11 How comparisons should correctly impress us? (9)
12 With a minus capacity? (5)
13 With locks, it's a retrogressive course. (7)
15 What the Mikado hoped to do to a sublime object. (7)
16 A 23 does, to be effective. (7)
18 Coming from Dorset, Southampton starts to show it. (4,3)
20 Make one wonder what Theseus had to contend with? (5)
21 Urgent requirement for a thin cord and a net that might need mending. (9)
23 Is uncontrolled greed an example of what might cause a blow-up? (7)
24 Doctor of Literature? (7)
25 Early dousers? (6,8)

DOWN

1 At this a good cook should be—or her dishes. (One shouldn't get discouraged here!) (4,2,3,5)
2 This could make you smile, so limber it is! (7)
3 Where one of the main attractions is evidently aged but strict in performance. (11,4)
4 They employ peculiar ruses, it seems. (5)
5 They're domestic, but watered silk acts wrong with such. (5,4)
6 One might get stenographer's spread, but—(15)
7 Put the other part in the shadow. (7)
8 Stops at Trenton and Princeton, for example? That's what the Captain might demand. (6,8)
14 Most got up? (9)
17 We sometimes reach one in learning of the damp late autumn. (7)
19 In one times two, it's worked on. (7)
22 Its edge was novel. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1580

ACROSS: 1 Ships; 4 Authentic; 9 Clepsydra; 10 Thumb; 11 Leviathan; 12 Rhoda; 13 Scandalize; 17 Prayer rugs; 21 Kings; 22 Economize; 23 Lucre; 24 Tenacious; 25 and 4 The Walrus and the Carpenter; 26 Shoes.
DOWN: 1 Sickle; 2 I Serve; 3 Sashay; 5 Training grounds; 6 External; 7 Teutonic; 8 Cabbages; 14 Spikelet; 15 Barnacle; 16 Versiera; 18 Forces; 19 Kimono; 20 Versus.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.

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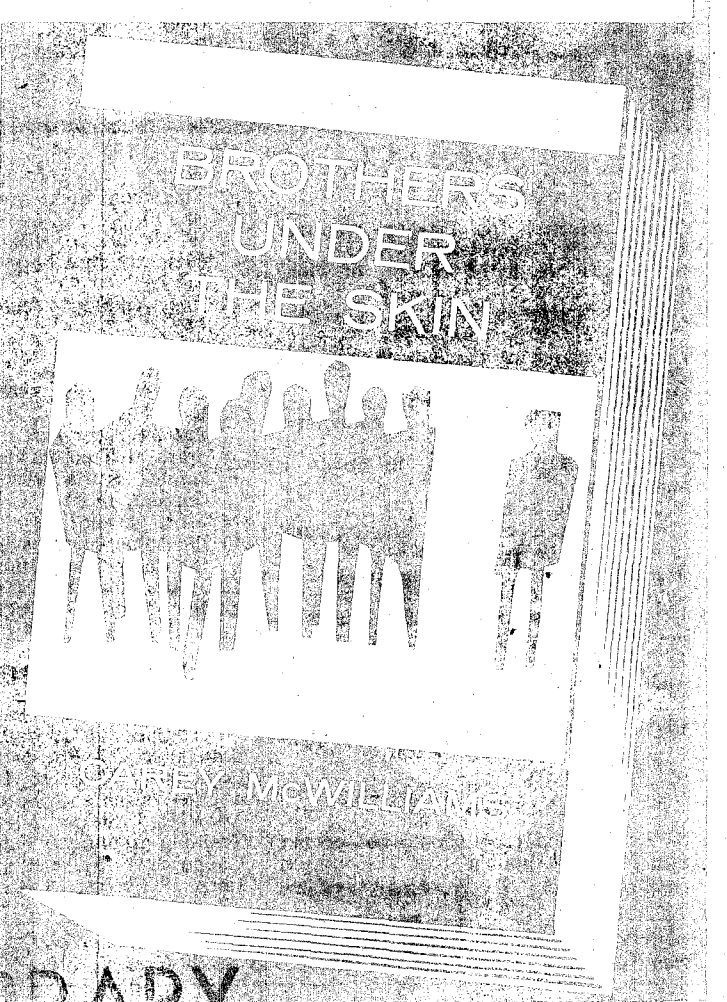

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